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THE
PHANTOM FOE:

OR,

THE MAID OF MONTMORENCI

BY GUY GREENWOOD.

NEW YORK
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
88 WILLIAM STREET.

THE

PLAYERS FOR

TO

THE MAID OF MONTICLO

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

BY GUY GREENWOOD.

NEW YORK
BEADLE AND ADAMS PUBLISHERS
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THE PHANTOM FOE.

CHAPTER I.

MORETAH'S DANGER.

A SUDDEN cry rung through the silence of the place—a cry of mingled terror and surprise. A young man, starting from the bushes which grew upon the river's bank, inclined his head and listened. Whence did that cry proceed? It seemed like the voice of a woman in agony, and all that was chivalrous in his soul bounded at the thought of harm or wrong to one of God's beautiful creatures.

Hark! The cry came again, startling in its intensity, and he bounded forward in the direction of the sound, eager and bold. A turn in the rock brought him in sight of something which stirred his heart to its depths. There, in the midst of the current, which was rapidly sweeping it downward, was a bark canoe, and, kneeling in the stern, with a part of a broken paddle in her hand, was an Indian girl of rare beauty. The cry had come from her. She had good cause to be alarmed, for a danger great and appalling stared her in the face. Three hundred yards below, the water was churned into foam, and dashed among rugged rocks, which reared their brown heads threateningly, and, further down, the river, with a sharp bend, seemed suddenly to end. That bend in the river was the great fall of Montmorenci, and the river that of the same name, seven miles from the city of Quebec.

The roar of the cataract, descending in one unbroken sheet of foam, two hundred and eighty feet, sounded in the ears of the kneeling girl. She was alone—alone in the midst of the stream, with a broken paddle, and the irresistible current bearing her on to destruction. After the cries which her woman's nature wrung from her in the extremity of her danger, she uttered no sound, but, with the handle of the paddle, her only

hope, worked hard, desperately, fighting with the mighty stream.

The eyes of the young man dilated at the sight, and a beautiful expression passed over his face.

"Hunted like the beasts of the forest, the blood-hounds of France upon my track, yet will I pause long enough to save yonder girl if I can, to die for her if I must," he muttered. "Courage, courage, Ronald Danforth. You have been in as great peril before."

The girl caught sight of him as he ran along the rocky bank, looking for a place to descend, and, uttering a cry of pleasure, pointed with her hand. A hundred yards below there was a break in the bluff by which he could descend. Hurrying forward with desperate speed, he dashed down through the opening, holding on by every bush and shrub which could aid him in his downward course, until he reached the river's edge, safe and sound. Flinging off his coat and waistcoat, he dashed into the turbulent current. When he rose again he was in the swift stream, a few yards below the canoe, swimming hard against the current, which was rapidly bearing him down. But, the light canoe was swept along faster than he, and in a moment more his unshaking hand was laid upon its prow.

To one unaccustomed to managing a bark canoe, it would have been impossible to enter it. But this young man was an adept. A single touch of his practiced hand, a swaying of his body, and he was in the bow of the tiny craft, looking into the face of the woman he had come to save or die with.

In that single glance he saw that she was indeed a woman to live or die for. Could she be an Indian? Her face, though tanned by exposure to the sun and wind of that northern clime, was faultlessly beautiful. Her dark hair was lustrous, waving, and swept about her body like a mantle. Her delicate mouth, the lips just trembling with mingled excitement and fear, smiled upon him in a way that went to his heart. There was no time to think of this, but that quick glance nerveed him to do his utmost.

"Can you speak French?" he said, in that language, while his quick eye roved over the scene before him, and calculated the chances.

"Yes," she replied, in the same tongue, speaking the language with a little *patois* which rendered her sweet voice doubly pleasant to his ear. "Can you aid me?"

"I will save you if it is possible," he said.

"If you think you can not," she said, softly, looking at his beaming face, "leave me, and save yourself while you can. Better that one should die than both, though life is very sweet, even to an Indian girl."

"May my sword break in the battle, and my weapons fail me in danger's hour, wherever it may be, if you shall have reason to complain of me. I am sworn to aid all distressed women, no matter what their nation or degree, and I will keep my word."

She said no more, but remained kneeling, with her head bent down and her dark eyes suffused with tears. His quick gaze detected this, and he thought her more beautiful than ever. Yet it seemed hopeless, too. In that light boat, the sport of the current, the rugged rocks now close at hand, the roaring cataract just below, and nothing to guide the canoe. Yet he was young, and did not despair.

"If we could gain yonder rock, we should have time to look about us," he said. "It must be done. Give me the paddle, or what is left of it."

She gave it to him without a word. Knowing how useless it was to fight against the current, he allowed the canoe to float, with ever-increasing rapidity, toward what seemed certain destruction. On, on, that fearful roar growing more like thunder each moment, and yet the young hero kneeled with unabated courage in the bow, only aiming to keep the head of the canoe toward a brown rock which raised its head in the rapids, just in front. All at once he flung himself out of the canoe, and holding it by the prow, kept it by main strength from striking the rock, while he climbed upon it, drawing the canoe after him. The Indian girl stepped out upon the rock, and they stood together side by side.

It was a moment which neither of them could ever forget. The portion of rock over which the water did not flow was barely six feet long by four wide, and the canoe took up half the space. She looked at her deliverer, and saw a youth well calculated to win a woman's love. In stature he was some-

thing less than six feet, with a handsome face, framed in curling rings of chestnut hair. Having thrown off all superfluous clothing, his massive chest and shoulders were revealed, showing powerful muscles. His hands were small and delicate as a woman's, and yet those hands had wielded the saber and handled the deadly rifle in many a battle. She could see "soldier" written over his whole frame. The face was one on which to rely.

"You are an Englishman," she said, looking at him keenly.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I have seen the English war-chiefs who have come as prisoners to Quebec, and have watched them closely. I pitied them, as I pity any bird that is in a cage and beats its wings against the bars."

"You are right," he said. "I am an Englishman, and though you are friendly to the French, I feel certain you would not betray me. What is your name?"

"Moretah, daughter of the chief Kenado, the bravest of his tribe. You say I love the French, and why should I not? They have been very kind to the chief and his daughter. But, if they have been kind, have I a right to betray one who has trusted me, and who has risked his life to save mine? Moretah is not so base as that."

The tone of reproach in which she said this touched him.

"Do not think it possible that I suppose you would betray me, daughter of a great chief," he said. "Neither give me credit for what I have not done. All in my power to do I will dare for your sake, but I see no way of escape from this bare rock. Perhaps it would have been better for us both if we had missed it."

"No," she said, "we will have time to look up to the Great Spirit who rules over all, and to pray that he will forgive: we have done wrong and take us to his rest."

Ronald Danforth said no more, but turned toward the fall. Scarcely a hundred yards away the water seemed to bend downward, and a cloud of fine mist rose like smoke from the depths below. Further down they could see the rapid stream flowing on to join the great river, and Ronald wondered if any thing which plunged over those falls ever emerged from those solemn depths, or if they remained the sport and play-

thing of the boiling caldron into which they plunged. It seemed hopeless for them. The bank opposite was rugged and hard to scale, and between them and the shore the water ran like a mill-race, in its haste to plunge over the fall. How could they gain the shore? Yet, in spite of his danger, Ronald Danforth was not coward enough to regret that he had come to the aid of that beautiful child, and saved her at least from immediate death. He was young, and had been of service to his country, had hoped to do a greater service, and this was the end of all. Moretah saw that her protector was dead, and her own eye grew moist.

"I told you to save yourself, and let Moretah die alone," she said, sadly. "Why would you not do it?"

"Do not think so meanly of me, as to suppose I am thinking of that," he said. "If it were to do again I should not hesitate for a moment, I hope. I was thinking how I could possibly get you to the shore. If you were safe, I would take my chances."

"Could you escape alone?"

"I think so; what do you mean?" he said quickly.

"Then go; you have redeemed your promise, you have done what you could. Go, and Moretah will remain and pray that you may escape."

"Listen to me," he said. "If I thought myself base enough to think of leaving you, I would plunge headforemost from this rock, and let the river make what sport it would of my miscreant body. No, believe me, when I say I will not forsake you, and I do not think it kind in you to ask me to do it."

"You are very brave," she said, with a kindling eye. "And will you stay for the sake of a poor Indian girl, to save her from destruction, or to die by her side?"

"God aiding me, I will," he replied, solemnly.

Moretah sprung suddenly to the verge of the rock, and throwing up her hands, was about to plunge into the rapid stream, when Ronald seized her, and dragged her back.

"What would you do?" he gasped. "Are you mad?"

"If you are brave enough to stay with me, and for my sake, I am not coward enough to remain and force you to do it. Let me go. Perhaps the Great Spirit will aid me and I shall get safe to shore."

"I will not loose my hold. Take care what you do, Moretah. If you plunge from the rock I will follow you, so nothing is to be gained by that."

She drew back, weeping. "I would have saved you if I could," she said. "You will not let me do it. We must meet our death bravely, then."

"I do not care so much for myself as for you," said the young man, pacing up and down the little space allowed them in an uneasy manner. "What can I do to save you?"

"Hark!" cried Moretah. "Chut!"

The last French exclamation made him pause and listen. They heard a low call which sounded through the roar of the stream, coming from the rocks further up. The face of Moretah lighted up and she raised her hands to her mouth and uttered a peculiar "yeodel" or call, like that used by the Tyrolians in their native mountains. The call was answered immediately and nearer at hand.

"Who is it?" asked the young man, as she lowered her hands.

"The chief, my father. He will give us help if there is any help for us."

A look of joy came into the face of the young man. With a friend upon the other shore he could at least save the girl, even if he could not get safe to land himself. A voice was heard at hand calling the name of the girl, and she answered in her musical voice. A moment after, a man broke through the bushes which lined the bank and looked down upon them. It was an Indian in the dress of a chief of the Hurons, with a rifle on his shoulder, and knife in his belt—a man of a noble and commanding figure, with a face full of power. A robe of beaver-skin was thrown gracefully over his shoulder and was fastened at the neck by a strong clasp. Holding by a shrub which grew upon the bank he looked down upon the river, and cast a searching glance toward the fall. As he caught sight of them standing upon the bare rock, he uttered a wild cry, and his rifle dropped at his feet.

"What is this?" he cried. "The flower which has bloomed so long in the garden of Kenado's heart is drooping. Ah-wha, ah-wha, Moretah! What shall I do?"

"Be Kenado, the great chief, and do something to save her,"

said Ronald, promptly, in the Indian tongue, in which he was an adept. "I will aid you."

"Good," said Kenado. "My brother has a strong heart."

The distance from the shore was hardly thirty feet, while to the brink of the fall it was at least a hundred yards. But, they must land within forty yards, for below that it would be impossible, as the rocks were perpendicular as a wall. Kenado set to work vigorously, and drawing his knife, ran up a tree near at hand, over which grew a great vine of the ubiquitous frost-grape. Selecting one runner or leader of this vine, which was fully one hundred feet long, he carefully cut it loose from the tree and its laterals. Then he stripped it of the leaves and tendrils, by the aid of knife and hatchet. He left it firmly rooted in the hard soil, and wound three times about the tree. Taking the loose end in his hand, he ran down the bank, and carried it up-stream, as far as it would go, before he launched it. He watched it anxiously as the current took it, and swept it down toward the rock where Ronald stood waiting, ready to grasp it. Down it came, to be seized by the outstretched hand.

"Come," he said, addressing Moretah, "you shall go first. I will bind you to the vine."

"No, no, not me first. Save yourself first!"

"Obey me!" he rejoined somewhat impatiently. "Give me the little rope in the canoe."

She obeyed, and he made her lie down upon the rock while he lashed her to the vine. "Who will do this for you?" she cried. "You can not escape if I go. Release me, Englishman, for I will not go alone."

"You are powerless now," he said, raising her in his arms. "Are you ready, Kenado?"

Kenado had moved down the bank to the place where she was likely to strike the shore, if the vine held, and gave the signal. There was a splash in the water, and the current seized the form of Moretah and hurried it away. Would the vine hold? He knew that there was a fearful tension on it, and it might break. The suspense was fearful, but not of long duration. With a sigh of relief which came from the heart the young man saw Kenado dash into the water and emerge again, bearing the nearly insensible body of Moretah in his

arms. He released her quickly, and scrambling up the vine hurried again up the stream, and in a moment the current was bearing the strange life-preserver down toward the rock. Kenado had left the cords which had bound Moretah to the vine, upon it still, and the young man lashed himself to it, leaving his hands free. The swift current threw a fearful strain upon the vine, which was chafing hard upon the cliff over which it hung. Ronald gave a spring and landed in the water eight feet from the rock. Moretah clasped her hands and prayed to the Great Spirit to save him from destruction. He neared the bank, Kenado's hand was outstretched to aid him, when a loud crack was heard, and the vine, cut nearly in two where it had been chafing on the cliff, parted at once.

Entangled in the vine, Ronald could not free himself, and but for the presence of mind of the chief he must have gone over the fall. Kenado made a leap and seized his outstretched hand. It was a hard struggle, the river fighting desperately for its prey, but muscle triumphed, and Ronald, more dead than alive, was dragged from the jaws of death, and laid upon the shore. Kenado cut the cords which bound him and assisted him to rise, which he did in a confused way, somewhat unnerved by his late danger.

"Good!" said the chief. "You hurt?"

"No," said Ronald. "Wait a moment, and I shall be all right. There, it's gone! 'Richard is himself again.'"

And these two noble men, types of different nations, looked each other in the face.

CHAPTER II.

TWO AGAINST ONE.

For a moment neither spoke as each studied the countenance of the other, trying to make out his character. Kenado was the first to break the silence, while Moretah stood near, evidently anxious that the young man should make a good impression upon her father. His first words reassured her.

"My young brother has a brave heart," said he. "Kenado

will be his friend. Speak, Moretah, and let Kenado know how you stood upon the rock in the river, above the Talking Water."

Moretah quickly told him in her own language of the attempt Ronald had made to give her aid, and how he had succeeded. She spoke eloquently, and a smile passed over the face of the chief.

"It is good," he said. "Kenado is more than ever the friend of the white man."

"Stop," said Ronald Danforth. "Know me as I am. You see before you one who is sworn to do battle with the French while they claim a foot of soil upon this continent. If you are a friend to them, as I think you are, make no promises you can not keep. I am here to do what harm I can to the French."

Kenado inclined his head slowly without speaking, looking intently at the flushed face of the young Englishman. Something in his bold bearing touched a responsive chord in his brave heart, and the enthusiasm expressed for his cause and people was an additional motive for liking him.

"Is my brother in danger?" he said.

"I am always in danger," said the other. "Hark!"

They listened, and the sound of many voices could be heard coming from the direction of Quebec, mingled with the tramp of horses' hoofs. Directly after a voice cried:

"*En avant, mes enfants!*" He can not be far away."

The immovable face of Kenado did not change its expression.

"They follow you?" he said, in a questioning tone.

Without answer, the young Englishman ran to the place where he had left his coat and waistcoat, put them on quickly, reached up his weapons, and looked about for some hiding place. Kenado made a signal, and Moretah ran to the side of the hunted man and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Do you trust me?" she cried, in French. "Will you follow?"

"To the death," said Danforth.

Without saying more, she turned and ran down the river's edge for twenty yards or more, when she turned and pointed to a dark cavity in the rocky wall which rose above them.

"Go in," she said. "Keep quiet, and leave the rest to us."

He hurried into the opening, for the feet of the pursuers sounded close at hand. Moretah turned back and met her father, and the two climbed up the bluff and reached the verge just as a party of Frenchmen, heavily armed, rode up. They were three in number, admirably mounted, and wearing the blue uniform of the wood-rangers. The foremost rider was a heavily-built, dark-browed man, with a deep scar, left by a saber cut, extending from his left temple to his chin, and giving a look of extreme ferocity to his face, which was not otherwise extremely prepossessing. A thick leathern belt about his waist sustained a long sword and horseman's pistols, and he carried in his hand a rifle of the best make.

"Ah-ha!" he cried. "Here is Kenado. Now, chief, what say you? Have you seen this English hound we are following?"

"I do not understand the words of my brother," said the chief, evasively. "What does he mean?"

"There has been a spy in Quebec since yesterday, who has given us more trouble than the English army together," said the other. "And as sure as my name is Neville D'Argent, I will have him, if I follow him to Ticonderoga. Do you see this cut upon my face? I was a handsome man before he gave it me, and he has spoiled me forever. I will have him."

"Then my brother must catch him," said the chief, coldly. "Moretah, we will go."

"*Pardieu!*" said D'Argent, seeing Moretah. "Good-morrow, fair princess. I hope you are well."

Moretah paid no attention to his extended hand, but passed him quickly. He moved his horse so as to impede her course, when Kenado put out his right hand and seizing the horse's head, backed him so that Moretah could pass. Not a word was said, but a look of fury passed from eye to eye, which told that they were enemies to the death.

"Take your hand from my bridle, Indian," hissed D'Argent. "Death, man! do you know what you are doing?"

Moretah had passed on quickly, and the chief took his hand from the bridle to lay it on his hatchet.

"Look you, my man," said the trooper. "You are pro-

ected from harm by the favor of the Governor, or I would brain you on the spot, and make that pink of prudery, your daughter, as you call her, repent that she has treated Neville D'Argent so coldly."

The stoical face of Kenado did not change, but he stood with his hand upon the hatchet, grimly waiting to see if D'Argent would proceed to more violent acts. But a young man who rode next to the French leader hurried up and whispered in his ear.

"I know, I know," replied he, in answer to the whisper. "Do I not say he has the favor of the Governor? But for that, woe to them both! Nevertheless, there will come a time when they shall repent all this, and other acts of a like nature."

"Enough of this," said the man who had interfered. "You are doing wrong, Neville, and you know it as well as I do. Chief, we are pursuing a young Englishman who penetrated the lower town last night, to gain information for the coming army of the English. He was recognized in the 'Trois Gens D'Armes,' by a man who had seen him when a prisoner at Fort William Henry, in the colony of New York. He left the place immediately to give the word to the guards, and when he returned the spy was gone. The marquis is wild to take him, for he has done us great injury."

Kenado said nothing, for he was not a man of many words.

"Of course you have not seen him," the young man went on to say, "or you would let us know."

Moretah, who had kept silent up to this time, now came forward.

"Capitaine Merou is not like his friend, D'Argent," she said, with a cold glance at the man of whom she spoke. "He knows that more is to be gained by kindness than by harsh words. Would you like to know what has become of the young Englishman?"

"Yes," replied Merou, eagerly. "Have you seen him?"

The speaker was a mere boy in appearance, with a handsome, girlish face, and dark, curling hair, which received as much attention as that of any lady in the land. Looking at him, the first thought would have been that he was an effem-

inate youth, out of place in the army. Those who had seen Gaston Merou fight knew better. There was not a better swordsman in Quebec than he, since Jean La Force and D'Argentan were gone, and in battle he raged like a fury. That small, compact frame was a bunch of thews and sinews which no one would have suspected. Add to this that he was full of cunning, and it will be understood that he was in great demand for secret service in the cause of France.

"And speak quickly," growled D'Argent. "There is no time to lose."

"Be silent, Neville. Moretah will not speak if you command her. I ask it as a favor at her hands, and I know she will not refuse."

Moretah raised her hand and pointed to the canoe. It had slipped off the first rock, and going broadside on a large crag further down, had broken in two and was doubled over the face of the stone, going to pieces fast under the force of the current.

"He was in that," she said. "You know the rest."

"You are sure it was he?" said Merou.

"It was an Englishman, tall and strong, with curling hair, and a face like the spirit of the battle. Is this the man you seek?"

"The very man," said Merou. "Was it your canoe?"

"Yes."

"He stole it, doubtless, and tried to cross the river, knowing nothing of the current. Did he have a paddle?"

"It was broken," said the girl.

"Vate, Monsieur Englishman! *Requiescat in pace!* You will trouble us no more. Come, Neville. Our labor is at an end, and we may return and report progress to the marquis. My word for it, he will be pleased that this bold Englishman is under the water-fall of Montmorenci. Ah, lah! the fellow little thought when he pushed out from the bank above that this would be his fate. Do you go to Quebec, Kenah?"

The chief shook his head, and saying a single word to Moretah in the Indian tongue, he turned away, and walked quickly up the river-bank. The French did not stay by the river, but turned their horses' heads and hurried off toward Quebec. It was a time when the French domination in America

was slipping away from them, little by little. Du Quesne, that stronghold of French power in the west, had fallen before the army of Forbes. The western Indians had come in, and concluded a treaty of peace with the English. Crown Point and Ticonderoga had fallen, after the "Great Marquis" had beaten back fifteen thousand Englishmen from their walls. Louisburg had yielded to the arms of General Wolfe, and even now the young conqueror was gathering his forces at Louisburg, for the more important work of a campaign—the reduction of the great town of Quebec, the stronghold of French power in America. The great armies of that day always sent their *avant couriers* before them to spy out the force of the enemy, and Lieutenant Danforth, one of the best officers in the provincial troops of Wolfe, had been selected for this hazardous service.

No better man could have been chosen. When a boy, he had been two years a prisoner in Quebec and Montreal, captured by the French and Indians during one of their incursions, and he knew both cities well. He had entered Quebec, but had not half completed his task, when he was recognized by a man who had known him, and only escaped by his knowledge of the city. With this explanation, it will be understood how this young Englishman was in that vicinity, when none of his companions were nearer than Louisburg on the one side, and the Champlain on the other.

Ronald lay quiet until satisfied that the French had departed—for he had been so near that he heard much of what was spoken—and then, emerging from his hiding-place, he looked about him for the chief, for he was confident he had not gone far. Nor was he wrong in his conjecture, for in a moment more the Indian stood by his side.

"They are gone," said Ronald, "and I have to thank you for turning them from the pursuit."

"It is done," said Kenado, in his sententious manner. "Let my brother go away now and all will be well. Moretah cheated the black dog they call Neville—the man Kenado hates."

"I have cause to remember Neville D'Argent, 'of the scar,'" said Ronald, "and he bears my mark upon him, and will have it when they lay him in his grave. Let him beware of me, for he will yet have cause to remember who I am."

“Does my brother go away now?” said Kenado.

“It is better to say nothing of that,” said the young man.

“I know you would not betray me. Yet it is better that you should know nothing of me or my movements just at present, in case they should ask you questions. I do not know how far you are the friend of the French, but if you meet me again, it doubtless would be your duty to have me taken, even though my life should be the forfeit.”

“My brother speaks true words,” said Kenado. “It is better for him to go.”

“Before I leave you, I must thank Moretah for what she has done for me,” said the young man, turning to the beautiful girl who had followed the chief. “I am a wandering man, and have long been denied something which is the life of man, the inspiration of woman’s companionship and love. Whether I shall ever enjoy it, I can not tell. Enough that my heart is a desert now, and this kind act of yours has made me very happy. God’s blessing rest upon you, and may he guard you, wherever you may go.”

“Look,” said Moretah, pointing toward the fall. “But for you, my body would be tossing up and down under the boiling water. How can you speak as if I had done so much, and you so little?”

“Nay, I will not undervalue what I have done. I could not do that if I would, for I am proud of having been of service.”

“Do not go yet,” she said. “Father, do you send brave warriors hungry upon a long trail? Let him come to our cabin and eat before he goes.”

“He is welcome,” said Kenado. “The lodge-door will always stand open for him.”

“I believe I will go with you, if you think it safe,” said the young man. “I dare not set out until nightfall.”

“Come,” said Kenado.

He turned upon his heel, and led the way at a quick pace, followed by Danforth and the young girl. They followed the course of the river toward the fall, and when they were a few rods below it, the Indian touched his companion on the arm, and pointed out one of the most magnificent sights in nature. Niagara is grand, but it awes the soul more than it awakens

the sense of the beautiful. But, this fall, dropping two hundred and eighty feet from the dizzy height, and roaring into a deep pool at the bottom, is full of beautiful lines. As the water breaks and spreads, it becomes whiter than the drifted snow, and mingling with the cloud of spray rising continually from the depths, forms a picture of rare beauty. Danforth was too much a lover of nature not to feel the effect of the scene, and he could understand why this noble savage had made himself a home in view of so grand a sight.

"It is beautiful," said he, in answer to the look of the chief. "I do not wonder you love it as you do."

"When I die," said the chief, "let them put me in a canoe, and let it drop into the white foam of the Talking Water. I would lie there forever, and listen to the music of the spirits of the winds and waves. Come."

They passed on, and underneath the ledge, a hundred yards below the fall, they found the cabin of Kenado. It was better built than Indian lodges usually are, and had a rude fireplace of stone. Moretah raked out the ashes, laid wood upon it, and in a moment it was kindled into a blaze. Ronald would have helped her, but, seeing a look of disapprobation upon the face of the chief, he came back and took a seat upon a bear-skin, which Kenado had spread for him upon his entrance, and watched the graceful figure of Moretah as she glided about, preparing food for them. Savory venison-steaks were soon sputtering on a gridiron, a gift of some friend in Quebec, who had taught Moretah its use, of which she seemed to take a childish pride. The simple cookery did not occupy much time, and she brought them their portion upon wooden plates, the work of Kenado.

"I see you permit some of the signs of civilization in your lodge," said Ronald, looking at the plates.

"What is good in the white men, let the Indians learn," replied Kenado. "What is bad, let them cast away. The white men's vices have taken hold upon the tribes more than their virtues. Eat, and welcome to the lodge of Kenado, for you have saved the life of his child."

When the repast was finished, the chief rose:

"Kenado will go to the town, and see what the French say of my white brother. Let him remain and wait for me."

"I will stay," said Ronald.

"You do not fear to trust the Indian?"

"No; why should I fear treachery in a great chief?"

"It is good," said Kenado. "Rest in peace until I come to you."

His steps receded in the distance, and the two young people wandered out beside the fall, to gaze upon its beauties and speculate upon the chances of pursuit. He found that Mowah had learned much by companionship with the better class of French women in Quebec, who had been taken by her beauty, and taught her many things which, with childlike pleasure, she showed to her new companion. I doubt if either knew how the hours slipped by until the return of the chief, who arrived just at nightfall. Shortly after Danforth, satisfied that they believed him dead in Quebec, bid his entertainers good-by, and departed.

CHAPTER III.

THE GLITTER OF STEEL.

THE city lay asleep beside its rivers, gleaming under many watchfires, which the French had lit along the banks. Quebec in the old days was not the city of the present, a thriving mart; but, nevertheless, a great town for that day. Through the night, walking with measured tread, came the grand relief to the weary sentries. Patrols passed to and fro, inspecting carefully every one who was abroad. The English were on the war path, and who could tell how soon they would come down upon the town? The genius of Montcalm, rightly called the "Great Marquis," had done much to sustain the waning fortunes of France in the New World. But secret enemies and open foes were at work, and Montcalm saw too well that he was losing ground, though struggling with all the might of his powerful nature. This man had but one object—the honor and glory of his dear native land. For this he had endured painful marches, battles many and fierce, the midnight vigil and the weary siege, which up to this time had

resulted gloriously for him. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," at which they turn for good or evil, and this turning point had come to the Marquis Montcalm. He was in his house in the Lower Town upon the evening of the day when Ronald Danforth was supposed to have perished in the waters of the Montmorenci, bending over a heap of documents which had been sent in by various officials, and to which he always gave his personal supervision.

The brow of the General was seamed by the cares of his great office, and the accumulation of danger about him had made him fretful. He looked up impatiently as an orderly appeared at the door, and saluted.

"Captains D'Argent and Merou, returned from their expedition. They wish to make a report."

"Let them enter," said Montcalm, pushing away the papers.

"Have they any prisoners?"

"No, your excellency."

The orderly saluted, and retired to usher in the two captains. They made their report briefly, and the marquis complimented them upon their diligence, and gave D'Argent permission to retire. When he was gone, the marquis asked Merou to be seated.

"I am about to intrust you with a mission which will require skill, secrecy, and zeal, three meritorious attributes I believe you to possess, Captain Merou," said Montcalm.

"I shall endeavor to merit your good opinion in the future as I have in the past," said the young captain, bowing.

"In the first place, then, cast your eyes over these strange missives. You see they are all addressed to me. This was laid upon my table in my private room in this house. This I pinned upon my coat after reviewing the troops, and this is left upon my pillow. Read them."

The first was as follows:

To the Marquis Montcalm:

"God himself has sounded the knell of doom over French power in America. Tremble, for the end draws near, when you shall be called to account. Speculate as you will as to the means by which this was placed where you could find it, your speculations will never fail upon the right person. (Signed.)

"A FOE TO FRANCE"

The second ran thus:

"Quebec is doomed to share the fate of Louisburg and Da Quesne, Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The same ardent young hero who leveled the walls of Louisburg will do the same service for Quebec. (Signed,) A FOE TO FRANCE."

The third was shorter and to the point. Merou looked **savage as he read it:**

"Foes without and foes within. Look to yourself, minion of France! (Signed,) A FOE TO FRANCE."

Having read these strange missives, the captain looked to **his superior for instructions.**

"A few words will explain my desire," said the marquis. "Having these letters as a guide, will you undertake to find out the writer? I am satisfied that this person, whoever he or she may be, is at work night and day seeking to undermine us. The service you understand, and now can I depend upon **you?**"

"I will do my best, and thank you for selecting me, from so many meritorious officers, for a service of such difficulty."

"I know my officers," replied Montcalm, smiling, "and there is not one in Quebec who could undertake this work with half the chance of success you will have. This is sufficient. Set to work at once, and let me hear from you as soon as you make any advance. Though I pity the unfortunate young Englishman who died to-day in the waters of the Montmorenci, I am pleased to know that so keen and vigilant a spy is out of the way forever. His life, and the lives of ten thousand such, would weigh as a feather in the balance compared with any loss to the power of France. You know my weakness, Merou. Let every thing else perish, let me go with the rest, if by it I can aid my country in the smallest degree. Enough; you understand what I require of you."

"And I will be faithful, Monsieur le Marquis," said Merou, **as he bowed himself out.**

He had placed the letters in his bosom, and concealed them carefully. He knew that, if he succeeded in ferreting out the author of these letters, his reward would be in proportion to the service done, and the young man was ambitious. D'Argent was waiting for him at the door.

"What did he keep you for?" said he, eagerly.

"Private business which I can not disclose," replied the

young captain. "He is pleased that the English spy has ended his life to-day."

"Did you tell him all that happened?"

"All? Not quite. I did not mention the fact that, in trying to obtain a smile from the Indian chief's daughter, you came very near being brained by a tomahawk."

"Ha! ha! Very good. But, Merou, I am not at all satisfied with what happened to-day. I do greatly admire the **Forest Princess.**"

"Your chances are slight to win her favor, I fear. Let me tell you a thing for your benefit. You are too rough to be a lady's man. You intimidate the gentle creatures, and that is not the way to win them. The most obstinate and yet the most pliable thing in nature is a woman. You seem to have the faculty of making them obstinate, while I, by humoring their little peculiarities, win them to my purpose in my own way."

"How do you apply all this?" demanded the other, fiercely. "Why do you draw a comparison between us in this connection?"

"My dear Neville," said Merou, "will you do me the justice to perceive that I draw no comparisons between us for any particular object? Win the shy maiden in your own way if you can, and I shall not object. But I believe you are as likely to pluck one of the stars out of yonder sky."

"I will have her, now that you drive me to say it," said D'Argent. "We shall see whether I have any power or not. You are trying to make me angry. By heaven, I believe you **want her yourself.**"

If Captain D'Argent had known it, he had very nearly hit the nail on the head. Though these two men were bound together by the ties which evil deeds done together wrap about men, they would have wronged one another quickly if, by the act, they could have gained any thing. Such is honor between men mutually depraved.

"Nonsense," said Merou, who was by far the better man of the two, as far as intellect was concerned. "You wrong me. Let us go into the 'Trois Gens D'Armes,' and over a bottle of good Bordeaux forget what you have said."

The "Gens D'Armes" was a famous café frequented by the

French officers, kept by a man whose jolly face showed too plainly that he believed in the use of his own good liquors. The *salon* was full of officers of all ranks, lounging about in easy attitudes, talking as only Frenchmen can talk, volubly and rapidly, with the grimaces, shrugs and gestures which this nation make a part of their conversation. The two captains sat down at a table a little apart from the rest, and Merou ordered a bottle of wine. As they waited for the order to be filled, Merou was attracted by a citizen who sat by himself at a little table near the door, trifling with rather than drinking a glass of wine, listening to the idle talk of the officers, most of them young men, who sat about the room. He did not appear to take any great pleasure in their conversation other than the passing interest a citizen feels in matters which concern the welfare of his city. A man of middle age, he was somewhat taller than Merou, closely shaven and dressed in the garb of a person of the middle class, bearing no arms, except the dress sword worn by all gentlemen at this period. His face had a certain careworn look, such as a man might wear who had passed through great trials, and still suffered. Merou, who was actually of a suspicious disposition, and put more upon the alert by the mission intrusted to him by the marquis, looked at this guest closely. He had not seen him before.

"Who is that gentleman?" he whispered, leaning over to his companion. "Do not turn your head yet, and when you do, be careful not to let him see you looking at him. I mean the one alone at the table on the right."

As he spoke the host brought the wine, and while he uncorked it, D'Argent turned to speak to a friend and had a view of the face of the citizen while he did so.

"Do you know him?" whispered the captain.

"Certainly; a gentleman of means, Monsieur Dubois, who resides upon the Rue Montmorenci. Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you by-and-by. Ah, Lieutenant Verrey, I am glad to say we have run the English spy to earth. The scoundrel went over the fall of Montmorenci in a canoe he had stolen, and the fish are by this time feeding on his body. So perish all enemies of France, say I!"

While speaking, Merou, without seeming to do so, kept his eye fixed upon the man at the table, and though his face

showed no concern to the casual looker-on, it was plain to Merou that he was more interested in this than in any thing which had been said before. Yet he still sat toying with his glass, raising it to his lips now and then, and sipping a little of the rosy fluid while he did not lose a word of the conversation, smiling slightly from time to time at some of the witty remarks of the young officers.

"Do you mean the fellow who was here last night?" said one. "I am sorry for him if that has been his fate. You and I can afford to sneer at the death of a spy because we have never undertaken so hazardous a service. At the same time I honor the man who is devoted enough to his cause to risk a disgraceful death to do it a service. This was a brave young fellow, and his was a terrible death."

"I am satisfied that he never would have dared to come here at all unless he had friends within the town. There is treachery in our midst, and I will find out where the fault lies. Pray, sir, may I ask if you are looking at me?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Daboïs, coolly enough. "I was not aware that I looked at you."

"I thought you did," said Merou. "But, I suppose I must take your word for it that you did not. You know best."

Merou never was impatient to any one without a purpose; neither was he quarrelsome; yet he seemed bent on forcing a quarrel upon Daboïs. He uttered an insistent laugh, which made no impression upon the gentleman, who was still lifting and trifling with his glass. At the same time some of the young men caught a flash from his dark eyes which warned them that Merou must not pass beyond certain bounds.

"I have never understood how the fellow got into the town," said the lieutenant who had spoken before.

"He got in from within," said Merou. "Excuse me, sir. Since you do not seem inclined to make use of this bottle of wine, perhaps you will send it to my table."

"Strange! strange!" cried one or two, who followed the wish on Merou's part to quarrel with the citizen. "You are to blame, Merou."

Daboïs smiled, and beckoning to an attendant, pointed to the bottle of wine. "These gentlemen have done me the honor to prefer my wine to their own. You may take it to them."

A Frenchman detests a coward, and this looked like showing the white feather. Some who had been inclined to take up the cudgels for him turned cold immediately, and said no more. Merou, seeing that he must do some open act, rose and stepped heavily upon the foot of the immovable man he was determined to insult.

"You are not very heavy," he said, calmly, "but it is inconvenient to have you in my way. Please to remove."

With an insolent laugh, Merou stumbled against his table and overturned his wine-glass into his lap. The crisis had come. A cold, steel-like glitter came into the eyes of the insulted man, and he rose slowly.

"I see you wear the uniform of a captain in the French service. I had thought that, with their many vices, the officers in the service of France would not be guilty of offering an unprovoked insult to a stranger. It seems I have been mistaken. There is but one course open, Monsieur le Capitaine: You have insulted me and I demand an apology."

"I am not in the habit of apologizing," replied Merou. "It is against my custom."

"Then I demand satisfaction—the satisfaction of a gentleman. I allow you the right to every thing except to name the time and place. They shall be *now* and *here*."

"I am glad to find I have been mistaken in you," said Merou. "Good; we are to fight, then. I name swords."

We have said that Merou had no equal in Quebec in the use of the sword. A murmur of pleasure passed through the reckless throng as they saw that the two men would fight. **A duel was their delight.**

"Do you wish me to act as your second?" said D'Argent, turning to Merou.

"Yes. Who will do a like office for this gentleman?"

Several proffered their services, which were declined gratefully by Dubois, who drew his sword and stood upon his defense. Before they crossed blades that gentleman took out a handkerchief and wrapped it about his hand, for he had an open hilt and that of Merou was guarded.

"Do not let this foolish quarrel go on," said one of the oldest officers. "It is wrong, Merou. You have insulted this gentleman without the shadow of reason, and forced a quarrel

on him. Show yourself a gentleman of good birth as you are, and apologize for the wrong you have done."

"Really, Lieutenant Verney, it seems to me you meddle in an unwarrantable manner in my affairs. This must go on. Are you ready? Guard!"

The steel blades locked and a strange smile showed itself upon the face of Monsieur Dabois. He had taken his position directly in front of the table at which he had been seated, scarcely seeming to give himself room to move, and yet, in a dozen passes, quick as lightning, the hitherto unconquered blade of Merou was struck from his hand and whirled into the air. The stranger caught it by the blade as it fell and presented it to his vanquished enemy.

"You would have your lesson, Monsieur le Capitaine," said he, with that superior smile, "and perhaps it is as well that I am the person to give it to you. In future let it teach the truth of the old saying, 'look before you leap.' Allow me to return your sword, with the hope that you may in future draw it in a better cause than this."

"I demand your name," said the captain, furiously. "I do not know you."

"Is that a reason why you should insult me? I am ready to give my name upon proper authority. I am called Amand Dabois. By profession I am a surgeon, not practicing at present, and my residence is on Montmorenci street in the upper town. By inquiry in that direction you will find that I am well known."

"Be that as it may," said Merou, "you have not heard the last of me, be sure of that. You have beaten me at the small-sword, but it remains to be seen if you can beat me in other ways."

He had turned to leave the room, when there appeared at the door a strange figure at which all gazed in wonder.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEARCH.

A MAN stood before them who was the living counterpart of Dubois, except that his hair was white as driven snow, dressed in black, with a skull-cap drawn tightly over his head and a stout cane in his hand, upon which he leaned like one infirm. They saw Dubois start, and a look of fierce determination came into his face. He hurried forward and passed his arm through that of the new-comer.

"Come away, Maurice," he said. "Why have you left the house?"

The strange being made a quick signal with his fingers and they moved for a moment in silence while Dubois watched them intently, and a satisfied look came into his face.

"Nevertheless, you should have sent some one. The night-air is not good for you."

The fingers moved rapidly after the manner of deaf and dumb persons, and Dubois moved toward the door. "Make way, gentlemen. Let me take him home. Pity his misfortune, gentlemen, for he can not speak."

At this moment the mute caught sight of the face of Neville D'Argent, who was gazing at him in a stupefied way, like one who sees a ghost. A strange, unmeaning yell issued from the throat of the new-comer, a cry like that of a wild beast, and throwing aside the arm of Dubois, he made a sudden lunge and seized D'Argent by the throat in a grasp which it seemed that nothing earthly could sever.

Dubois wheeled quickly, and laid his hand upon the arm of the angry mute.

"Have you forgotten?" he said. "The day has not come, nor the hour."

The words seemed to have a controlling influence upon the savage disposition of the mute. He released his hold, and D'Argent rolled almost senseless to the floor, and an angry murmur was heard passing from man to man as the officers sprung to assist him.

"You should not allow him to roam at large," said one of them. "It is not safe."

"I have never seen him so before," said Dubois. "I will see that it does not happen again. Come away, Maurice. I am sorry you have seen this man to-night."

The fingers of the mute moved rapidly, but Dubois shook his head, and led him out of the place. By this time D'Argent had come to his senses and was staring wildly about him.

"Off!" he cried. "They dig your grave deep enough to have you rest in quiet. Down, I say. Ah; he is gone."

"Who was it?" asked Lieutenant Verney, as he loosened the captain's neckcloth. "Why did he fly at your throat like a tiger?"

"He is a madman," growled D'Argent.

"So I thought. But, did you not give him cause to hate you at some time?"

"Perhaps. Why do you bother me with questions? There, I shall do well enough. Where is Captain Meron?"

All turned to look, and saw that the young captain had disappeared. D'Argent uttered an oath, and putting on his hat, went out hastily. He could see nothing of Meron, or of the two men who had gone before him.

Meron was a man who was quick of thought and action. He wished to have a controlling power over all with whom he came in contact, and he saw at once that both Dubois and the mute knew D'Argent well, although Dubois had not looked at him during the period he had been in the "Trois Gars D'Armes." He determined to know where they went. Dubois attempted no disguise, but walked hurriedly toward the Upper Town, while Meron followed a short distance in the rear. A half hour's walk brought them to Montmorency street, D'Argent passing the guards by means of a written paper, which served to open the way at once. They entered a medium-sized house standing a little back from the street, and Dubois repeated. The door was quickly opened, and the captain heard the rattle of beds and was directly after.

"They keep all close here," he muttered. "No matter, we shall see if he has a stronger brain than Gaston Meron. The wall is low."

He walked round the house and climbed the stone wall,

creeping cautiously through the trees. He had not gone a dozen feet when a heavy body fell upon him, and a hail-storm of blows were showered upon his person.

"Ah-ha ! coquillaine ! thief, *imbecile*, ruthless and without remorse. Would you steal ? would you break into the house ? I will pound you to a pumice."

Indeed, it seemed very likely he would do as he said, and Merou struggled desperately, and rolling over on his back, saw a stout serving-man, who held one hand gripped in his coat-collar, while the other showered heavy blows upon the person of the intruder.

"Let me up, you fool," gasped the captain. "I am officer of the night, Captain Merou. I will shoot you if I get my hands free."

"I care not if you were king of France ; you have not the right to enter my master's grounds unless he gives you leave. *Sacré !* Imbecile, coward, *scelerat !* I will break in your face."

Making a prodigious effort, the captain succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of the man, and throwing him backward, he placed a dagger at his throat and hissed vindictively in his ear :

"Now, base-born scullion, I will teach you what it is to insult an officer in the French army. Prepare for death."

"Bah !" said the other. "Strike, if you will ; it is little to me whether I live or die, so that I have done my duty."

"Stop a moment," said Merou, pausing with the dagger suspended in the air. "I am willing to let you off upon one condition, and that is, that you tell me about your master."

"That is not much to do in order to save my life," said the man, "and I am at your service. Release me."

Merou suffered him to rise, but kept his eye fixed upon him and his weapon ready to strike him down.

"In the first place," said the captain, "let me know the name of the person whom I see before me. Zounds ! you leaped upon my back like a panther !"

"Adolph Loutrel."

"A very good name. Now for my questions. Who is your master ?"

"His name is Dubois ; he has a brother who is dumb, and

they live in Quebec, in the province of Canada. Any thing more?"

"Wretch! Do not dare to trifle with me, if you value your life in the least. As sure as you rouse my anger, so sure you are a dead man."

"I only wanted to get out of your hands," said Adolph, promptly. "Help! help! Robbers are in the garden!"

The sudden outcry was more than Merou had bargained for. It would make the affair too public, even if he forced his way into the house. Adolph knew this well, and as lights gleamed within the house, and he saw Dubois rush out, sword in hand, he turned upon his heel, and leaping the low wall, ran hastily down the street. After going a few blocks he became satisfied that he was not pursued, and stopped. In truth, Dubois had followed him no further than the wall, when he turned back.

"Who was it, Adolph?" he said.

"He called himself Captain Merou. I found him creeping like a serpent toward the house, to spy upon you, and threw myself upon him, and we had a little misunderstanding."

"Why did you cry out?"

"I always do when a man has the better of me. I was unarmed, and he had sword and dagger. I thought it sound policy to yell."

Dubois laughed, and clapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Faithful servant! In all my wanderings you have been with me, true as steel in every hour. May God forget me in the day when I am false to you."

"Thank you, master," said Adolph, in a husky voice. "I only did my duty, but praise is sweet from your lips."

"Let us go in," said Dubois. "Danger is closing in upon us fast, and there is much to do. Will it ever end, my faithful Lorrel, or shall we go on forever in the path we have marked out, looking into the land of promise, but never entering it? Madeline, sainted being, look on me and say that I have not been all ungrateful! Though fate has been against me, I have done what I could to avenge your dreadful wrongs."

"Master, master!" cried Adolph, in agony. "Do not talk or think of that sad time."

"I must. If I do not speak of it sometimes I shall go mad utterly. Oh, Adolph! how my heart thrills when I think of that old time, that happy day when my poor Maurice had hair as dark as mine, and the steadiest hand and eye in all Paris! But come in, come in! I must go out in half an hour to meet the man you wot of. The work we must do to-night will do much to give this good city of Quebec to the brave Wolfe, when his ships anchor under its walls."

"It seems strange that we Frenchmen born and bred should be enemies of France," said Adolph. "There was a time when no man better loved the lilies on the white flag than I did. It is over now, and England is my nation. There comes the patrol, the fiends take them! Get in, and I will close the door."

"They are coming here," said Dubois, quickly. "Go in, and take Maurice to the place you know of, for I swear that no man shall insult him to-night. He is wild at meeting that double villain, that friend of Merou, and the man he hates above all others. Imagine what it was to me to sit face to face with him for half an hour, and not cut the villain's throat. I was half dead to spring upon him and choke the life out of his body, but I knew that any act like that would bring destruction to our plans. Go quickly, and then come to me here. You had better wear a sword."

Loutrel ran in quickly, while Dubois followed him, closing and barring the door. Just as he did so, he heard armed men coming up the walk at a hurried pace, and ground their muskets outside the door. The next moment a sword-blade rattled against the door.

"Ho, within!" cried a voice which Dubois knew to be that of Merou. "Open this door."

"Who is there?" cried Dubois.

"Captain Merou, officer of the night, and a patrol guard. You must open the door."

"And why should I open my door to every roving scoundrel who sees fit to demand it?" replied Dubois.

"Beware! It will be the worse for you the more you incense me. I command you to open this door and admit me at once."

"Have you a warrant?"

"No; what need?"

"No man enters house of mine without the full power of the law. If you can show a warrant from the noble marquis to enter my house, the door shall be thrown open."

There was silence for a moment, and then Merou cried out:

"Suppose I have this warrant?"

"You have not."

"Judge for yourself," said Merou, as he hastily filled in the name of Dubois into a warrant in blank which he had provided for occasions like this, by the light of a torch held by one of the men. **"Open, I say. I have a warrant."**

"Show it to me," said Dubois, opening a small square panel in the door and putting out his hand. Merou gave it to him without a word, just as Adolph Loutrel, with a lighted lamp in one hand, and a sword in the other, entered the hall. **"Come hither, Adolph,"** said Dubois, **"and let me read this precious document."**

The servant advanced and held up the light, while Dubois read. A smile passed over his face.

"It seems you go provided," said he, addressing the force outside. "I give you credit for that. What if I respect this warrant—which you have written very well, considering the fact that you wrote it by torchlight, and it does credit to your penmanship—what would you wish to do?"

"To enter, and search the house."

"I would sooner burn it down than suffer such feet to pollute it if I dared. Ha! As I live, Adolph, the man we hate, **D'Argent, is in the gang."**

"Shall we give him a lesson, then?"

"Yes. Away with you and prepare. I will dally with them as long as I can, and then admit them. After all are in, and while I am locking the door, I will ring the bell."

Adolph hurried away again, and Dubois returned to the door.

"You promise me not to touch any thing that does not belong to you, gentlemen?" said he. "In that case I don't care if I admit you for a moment."

"Make no promises," said D'Argent. "If he does not open without conditions, break down the door and run him through the body. Curse him, has he not given us trouble enough?"

At this moment, a voice, which seemed to come from the paved walk beneath their feet, cried out in a hollow tone:

"Neville D'Argent, beware the coming woe!"

"Who was that?" cried D'Argent, fiercely, turning upon the men behind. "Who dares to insult Neville D'Argent?"

"Apostate and traitor," said the same calm, waveless voice, "I warn you that your career of crime is nearly run, and the grave yawns widely for you. Death is on the passing breeze; Tremble, for the night-wind sighs across the barren plain upon which your grave is to be dug. The end draweth nigh."

"What mummerly is this?" shrieked the captain. "Break down the door, curse you! Do you hear that vile Dubois insulting me?"

"It is false," replied the same voice. "Dubois has not spoken. One who knows you, one who is in the secret of the great crime of a life, blotted and stained by many fearful wrongs, now speaks to you. Where is Madeline Du Bray? She is in her grave, where your crime laid her. Where is that fair child you stole from her side, when you fled the scene of your guilt?"

"Help!" shrieked the guilty man, his eyes starting in their sockets. "The devils in hell have come to haunt me. Oh, off, I say!"

"Once for all, Dubois, will you open this door, or must we beat it in?" shouted Merou in an angry tone.

"I will open it, captain," said Dubois. "Enter, messieurs."

He flung open the door, and the soldiers came trooping in, looking angrily at the man who had kept them waiting so long. But, he was armed, and most of them were aware of the ease with which he had deprived Merou of his weapon in the fracas at the "Trois Gens D'Armes," and did not care to have a passage at arms with him, that night. Moreover there was a wicked light in his eyes, which boded no good to any who might assail him.

"*Halte là!*" he said, sternly. "Now, gentlemen, I object to having more than two or three men trampling through my house at once. That number can do the work as well as a dozen, so I demand that you leave your men here, and make the search yourselves. By the way, you have not yet said what you are searching for!"

"No matter what we are searching for, monsieur," replied the captain. "We agree to make the search together, my friend and I, and you will show us the way."

"This way then," said Dubois, raising his lamp. "I will explain the mysteries of my castle to your satisfaction, if possible to do so. This, as you have doubtless noticed, is a small antechamber. Yonder hangs a map of 'perfidious Albion.' Is it treasonous to have that map in any hall?"

"It will be but a sorry jest to you, if we find any thing to show that you have any connection with the English," growled the captain, who was getting angry very fast. "Go on, and be quick about it."

"Give me time," said Dubois, shrugging his shoulders. "I never do any thing in a hurry, not even the most simple act. *Pardieu*, gentlemen, you take your impudence in intruding upon my privacy coolly—why should I not do the same? You perceive that I open this little door. We pass through, and I close it behind me, so that any little conversation we may have will not be overheard. I—"

A terrible yell, which seemed to vibrate through every part of the house, startled them as he was speaking. He stopped short, and looked at his companions, who were gazing with almost terrified looks about the narrow room. From whence had the cry proceeded? Surely the man or being, whoever or whatever it might be, who uttered the cry, must be hidden near at hand. The room was a neatly-furnished parlor, with couches, ottomans and pictures, but no place where a man could well hide himself.

"You are surprised and frightened, men of blood," cried the same terrible voice which they had heard before they entered. "Tremble for the doom prepared for you. Wait for your necessities, wait for mine! Look upon the wall to the right, Nevil D'Arment, and tell me what you see."

Dubois held the lamp aloft, and a yellow flood of light seemed to fall upon the wall. In the midst of it appeared the face of a beautiful woman, the face of one he had known and wronged in his day, and who now slept in death under the vines of Provence, where his sin had laid her—a face which was pure and good, and so divinely beautiful, that Merou, who had never seen her, uttered a cry of admiration.

The golden hair swept in great masses back from a brow pure and white as marble, and the red lips smiled, as if she lived again.

"Madeline!" shrieked D'Argent. "Let her rest, fiends of the lower depths. Go back to your grave, beautiful and lost! Was it not enough that I killed you, but must you come back from your grave to haunt me? Do not laugh at me, M'rou, for I will kiss those lips which the treachery of a friend robbed of their early bloom."

He advanced with faltering steps, and seemed about to lay his hand upon the face, when a flash of light gleamed before his eyes, and his hand touched the cold white wall. The face was gone, and M'rou looked for it in utter dismay.

"What is this?" he cried. "This devilish house ought to be burned to the ground. Be a man, D'Argent. Do not let these trifles stir you so deeply, or I shall lose my faith in you."

"As surely as I see you there, it was her face I saw."

"Whose?"

"Madeline Du Bray. You have heard me speak of her, and how I lost her. Look you, man or demon, and I know not which you are, if you would save your life, tell me whose shade I saw but a moment since?"

"You have named her," said Dubois.

"Did you know her?"

"Perhaps."

"Whether you did or not, you know too much for my safety. Die!"

If Dubois had not been upon his guard, he must have fallen a victim, for D'Argent suddenly drew a long-bladed scimitar and struck full at his breast. Dubois made a leap backward, and the villain, under the force of his treacherous blow, meeting no resistance, stumbled and fell. Before he could rise, the sword of Dubois was at his throat, while he held in his left hand a pistol, pointed at the breast of M'rou.

"Treacherous dog!" he cried, "you would have murdered me!"

"Let me rise," screamed D'Argent. "Take your foot from my breast, if you would live."

"Lie quiet, wretch," said the other, fiercely. "Dare to

threaten me again, and you will do no more wickedness on earth. You may be sure of that."

"Let him rise," said Merou. "I give my word that he shall not assail you again, and if he does he must quarrel with me."

Dubois removed his foot, and his enemy staggered up, his dark face gleaming more savagely in the light of the lamp. He said nothing, but, taking out a set of tablets, he wrote in them for a moment.

"What are you writing?" demanded his friend, looking over his shoulder.

"That he owes me?" said D'Argent, quietly.

"Then I hope he will pay you. Lead on, if we are to get this finished by morning. Ha! Look there!"

CHAPTER V.

A MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

A PHOSPHORESCENT light seemed to fill the room from end to end, and the light of the lamp seemed to go out at once. An indistinct murmur filled the air about them, which swelled and deepened into a mournful chant, in a language long gone by, which neither of the officers understood. Merou's hair fairly stood on end, for he was—as were all persons of that time—of a superstitious nature, and these strange sights and sounds were nothing earthly. And, if he was appalled, his fear was nothing to that of his companion. He had fallen on his face and shut his eyes, to keep out all chance of seeing other visions. But, that dreadful chant still filled the air, coming from every side—sorrowful, distinct, full, the wail of a lost spirit in its agony. Dubois, with that strange smile frozen on his face, looked at the groveling pair. Merou caught the expression of his face, and it made a man of him a while.

"Get up, D'Argent! Soul of my body, man, are you turned coward after all these years?"

"No man dare call me coward, once out of this devilish

house," groaned D'Argent. "You do not understand how it makes a man writhe when his old crimes, which he thought long buried, are brought up at once before his eyes."

"Nonsense. Rise and follow us."

D'Argent obeyed slowly. They passed into another room. It was a dining-room, with oak panelings about the sides, and pictures by the old masters.

"Look closely as you go," said Dubois. "You will doubtless find something to warrant this search. If you do not, I will make this intrusion a sad one to you both."

"Hard words will do no good, Monsieur Dubois," said Merou, who had recovered something of his natural coolness. "I intend to search this house thoroughly from one part to the other, and discover, if I can, the true solution of the wonderful sounds and visions you have shown us. I give you credit for them, and say that they are skillfully contrived."

Dubois was standing at least six feet from the speaker. The other two stood facing him, near the wall of the room. Suddenly Merou dropped to the floor under a heavy blow, dealt him by an invisible hand. D'Argent turned in time to see his companion rolling on the carpet, with a discoloration showing itself on the side of his face, where that blow had fallen. Merou sprung up, foaming with rage, and ran to the door.

"Ho, there, comrades!" he shouted, "*en avant!*"

There was a rush of coming feet, and the house was filled by the armed men who had been left in the hall, who came trooping in eagerly, evidently glad to be with their commander. Dubois had drawn back to the door of a room which opened into the one in which they stood, and was looking at them with his steely smile.

"Seize him!" yelled Merou. "I will make this insult bitter to you, Monsieur Dubois."

But Dubois had drawn his sword, and throwing open the door, showed that he stood in the entrance to a small closet. The door was wide enough for his quiet sword-play. The men who opposed him were armed as he was, though some of them had pistols, which they would not dare to use, since every one knew they had no sufficient warrant for this brutal assault.

"Hold your hands," cried Dubois. "Before you strike a

blow at me, let me remind you that I have done nothing to warrant this."

"You struck me?" hissed Merou.

"It is false. Ask your friend, who was looking at me, if I raised my hand."

"It is no matter," replied Merou. "Down with the stubborn knave."

Three of them rushed at him together, sword in hand. He stood in the doorway, with his imperturbable face and superior smile, and kept them all at bay. Do what they would, no one of the three points offered to him could find an opening for a thrust. He would not do more than defend himself, but he did that so readily that the three assailants found themselves at fault.

"I warn you that I wish to do you no injury," said he. "Twice in this assault I have had an opportunity to kill a man. Beware! Ah, you *will* have it."

"One, two, three!" the foremost soldier dropped to the earth, pierced through the shoulder, a second retired with a deep gash on his cheek, while the sword of the third was literally cleft in twain by the keen blade of this wonderful swordsman. "Come on, the pack of you!" screamed Dubois, mad with the ardor of battle. "Why do you shrink, Captain Merou? I am waiting for you."

Only three could assail him at once, and at a signal from their leader the best three swordsmen in the party rushed at the speaker together. Yet there he stood, unwearied, his keen point sweeping to and fro, and that dark eye, full of fire, watching every chance. He had all the qualities of a swordsman *par excellence*—a quick eye, a pliant wrist, and long arm. Wherever they thrust or struck, the blade only encountered air. What chance had they against the deadliest blade in Quercy? Two of the assailants were already wounded, and Dubois still stood without a scratch, when Merou and Dubois drew their swords. Dubois made a sudden leap, leapt back his three assailants, and swinging back into the close, shut the door in their faces and shot the bolt into its place. They heard the sound and knew that they were baffled for a moment.

"The rat is in the trap," said Merou, laughing. "Good

You, Desnier and Soule, take your pistols and guard this door. If he attempts to emerge, shoot him down; I will be your warrant. Now, then, let us see what this house contains."

"Come away," said D'Argent. "The devil is in this house."

"Not I," said Merou. "I am going to make a thorough search. You may come with me if you like. I see nothing out of the way here. I am going to try the upper part of the house."

D'Argent followed him slowly. Merou ran up the narrow stairs, and entered room after room. While he searched for something which could be used against Dubois, D'Argent, at a loss for something to do, picked up a picture which lay upon the table and opened it. As he did so he uttered an appalling cry, and dropped it as if he had burned his fingers. Merou snatched it up and found it to be a beautiful miniature of the lady whose face they had seen in the room below, Madeline Du Bray.

"Ha! This lady has something to do with the hate these men have for you, *mon ami*," he said. "No matter. I want you to give me an opinion. You see this letter I have in my hand? Now compare it with this."

He produced one of the letters given him by Montcalm, and held up another beside it. D'Argent looked at it closely.

"I can only say that the hand which wrote one also wrote the other."

"Good," said Merou, taking a package of letters from a desk. "Then I may as well take these with me."

"Not while I have life," cried a determined voice, and the door closed suddenly. At the same moment another opened on the other side, and Dubois, followed by Adolph Lottrel, sprang out upon them, sword in hand. Merou was not daunted, and lifting his sword sprung at Dubois, while Adolph rushed to his companion. The battle between Merou and Dubois lasted only seconds in its duration. The captain's sword was wrenched from his hand and he was borne down upon the floor, with the knee of his antagonist upon his breast. The rush of many feet, drawn hither by the sound of combat, was heard upon the stairs, and heavy blows sounded on the door,

just as Adolph, who had proved himself a capital swordsman, beat D'Argent to his knee, weaponless and at his mercy.

"Hold where you are!" screamed Dubois, literally beside himself with rage. "Move nearer, if you dare. I have this dagger at your leader's throat. Advance and he is dead."

The men paused in deadly fear, looking at Merou, who turned livid at the death which stared him in the face. Dubois never moved the keen point of the dagger, which hung within an inch of his throat, ready to fall if he did not look to himself.

"Order your men down-stairs," said Dubois. "We have a little business to transact."

Merou hesitated.

"Be quick," persisted Dubois, moving the point a little closer to his throat. "You are in danger."

"Go down into the hall and wait for us," said Merou, seeing that there was no other chance. "We shall be down directly."

The men moved away, and Dubois rose.

"There is a slight misunderstanding here, Monsieur le Capitaine. You have misappropriated a portion of my property which I wish you would return."

"The letters?"

"*Oui, monsieur!*"

Merou took them out of his pocket and laid them on the table, glaring at Dubois savagely.

"My handsome young Adonis," said Dubois, persuasively, "there is something more. Could I not persuade you to leave the *other* letters with them?"

"What letters?"

"Ah, my dear sir, how can you profess ignorance upon a subject like that? What letters? Why, the letters with which you were comparing them a moment since."

"Pardieu! I thought you were safely housed in that closet below."

"The letters, if you please. I do not like to be so peremptory, but it is the fortune of war."

Merou laid two letters beside the others, and Dubois laughed slightly.

"I see you are determined not to understand me, *mon ami,*"

said he. "When I speak of the letters, I of course mean *all* the letters. Have the goodness to add a little more to your kindness by giving me the other."

"You are a devil," hissed Merou. "But I will be even with you one day. Be sure of that."

"It may be; and if you are, what does it matter? Let me see. I can not recall any thing that need keep us any longer. Go and call up your men and take me. Adolph, you needn't keep Captain D'Argent under surveillance any longer. Good-evening, gentlemen!"

As Merou started out of the room followed by his friend, Dubois sprung to the desk and snatched up various articles of value, and put them into his bosom, among others the picture of Madeline Du Bray. Then, hearing the coming feet of the soldiery, he darted into the next room, and closed the door behind him. He had hardly done so when Merou, closely followed by the patrol, entered the room they had just left.

"He is gone," cried the captain. "After them, and no quarter to the villains now." A scornful laugh made answer.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MEETING BY THE WOODS.

THEY darted into the next room, Merou and D'Argent leading, eager to avenge their second overthrow by this strange man, who came and went like a meteor and never left a sign. The room they now entered was a bed-chamber, and had evidently been occupied by a lady. Various articles of female apparel hung upon the wails, and a delicate slipper, which could only have been worn by a woman, lay upon the floor near the bed—a snow-white nest, and arranged with feminine neatness and care. Ribbons, gloves, Venetian masks, a riding-hat and robe, and such kindred articles were scattered about. But the men they pursued were nowhere to be seen. They searched in every possible place, sounded the panels looking for hidden doors, but their search was fruitless. At last, in

despair, they gave up the search in this quarter, and went through the upper part of the house with like success. Wherever they went, mocking laughter pursued them, coming from above, below, around, until they were almost frantic with rage and fear.

"We are gaining nothing by this," said Merou. "Let us go away, and trust me to find out the secret of this place."

"Let us burn it to the ground," cried D'Argent, fiercely.

"That can not be done without the consent of Montcalm," replied Merou. "No, let us go away, and I will find out what this means before a week has passed. Trust me for that."

They descended the stairs, looking into the room in which Dabois had concealed himself after his brave defense, as they passed down. Like the room above, it offered no solution of the mystery, and the manner in which he had escaped they could not divine.

"*Le diable!*" hissed Merou. "This man is in league with his Satanic majesty. No matter, we will go."

They passed out of the house, muttering curses against him who had escaped them. The gate had been hardly closed upon them when Dabois, followed by his servant, emerged from the room they had just quitted, and peered after them, laughing loudly. They bolted the door, made sure their enemies had quite deserted them, and sat down quietly.

"Where is Maurice?"

"Below," said Adolph. "Shall I bring him?"

"If you will be so kind."

Lorrel went into the closet, and was gone but a few moments when he emerged, followed closely by the mute who had come to the "Trois Gens D'Armes" for Dabois. He ran eagerly to the latter, and seizing his hands pressed them again and again to his lips.

"Yes, yes, my poor Maurice; I understand. You would have me make haste and seek vengeance on that guilty wretch. But you must not forget that there is something he must tell us before he dies."

The countenance of the mute fell, and he bowed his head sorrowfully.

"Maurice, you understand for what we work and what we hope to do. I have never forgotten the oath I swore when

you came to me and pointed to your maimed and distorted visage, and wrote the name of the man who had so cruelly marked you. I renew the oath here, and may my last hope fail in a trying hour, my sword break in my next battle, my heart turn cowardly, if I forget one jot or one tittle of my oath, until all be fulfilled. Trust me, Maurice, as you have trusted me in the past, and we will find what we seek yet. My poor Madeline, yours has been a sad, sad fate."

The mute uttered an inarticulate cry and fell upon his face. Dubois raised and soothed him, and then gave him in charge of Adolph. "You must be on your guard, my faithful servant--nay, my friend. I have work to do, and there is no time to waste. Good-night."

He went out at the back of the house, listened until he heard the bolt shoot into its place within, and then hurried away. Taking back streets, he descended at length to the Lower Town, and from that held his course out of the place in the direction of the Montmorenci, passing the guard readily by means of his pass. Once outside the town, he kept on for nearly a mile, then he paused in a little grove of giant trees and whistled low. He had hardly done so when a man emerged from the thicket and stood beside him.

"Dubois?"

"Danforth?"

"All right," said the young Englishman, extending his hand. "I am glad to meet you again. How go matters in Quebec?"

"Well for you. Montcalm thinks that your body lies under the falls of Montmorenci. How did you deceive them?"

Danforth told the story of Moretah's peril, touching lightly upon his part in her rescue, and spoke of the kindness of Kenado, the Huron.

"You may trust him," said Dubois; "and as for the girl, she is a queen beyond price, the noblest heart that ever blossomed in the wilderness. I can not tell how it is that I am so drawn to her, and feel my heart bound when I meet her. Dear child she deserves a better fate than to live this wild, untutored life, in the midst of the wild scenery about the Montmorenci. Was D'Argent insolent to her?"

"Yes; if I had not been sure her father would protect her, I would have come to her aid."

"Enough of this. We have no time to waste if I put you in a place of safety before the morning breaks. Come with me."

They set off at the same quick pace which Dubois had used in coming from the city, and were soon within the walls. The first guard they met demurred a little at suffering two men to pass instead of one. It was not the same whom Dubois had passed before, for just as he came by, the guard-relief was coming out, and had changed before their return.

"Then I suppose we must go back," said Dubois, impatiently. "Why not let us pass, *mon ami*?"

"It will not do," said the guard. "You may pass, but your friend must remain in custody."

"Suppose I give you a good reason for allowing us to pass."

"Then you may go by. But, there is no reason which will pass you here except the pass of Montcalm or the word."

"And my friend has neither. What is your name, soldier?"

"The devil take you, is that any affair of yours?"

"It might be," said Dubois, who was now near enough to the man to see his face by the moonlight. "Since you do not care to give it yourself, let me have the pleasure. You are called Gaspard Lefebvre."

"*Le diable !*"

"I say, you are called Gaspard Lefebvre. That would be all right were it not for one little fact, and that is simply that this is not your true name."

"*Peste !*"

"Three years ago a man was killed near Montreal, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. His murderer was a Breton, called Ambrose Gardier, and he escaped capture and came to Quebec. When in Montreal he was a smooth faced youth, but once here he suffered his beard and mustachios to grow, and was a changed man. Only one man in Quebec can prove that Ambrose Gardier and Gaspard Lefebvre are one and the same person."

"What do you ask of me?" gasped the man. "In the Lord's name, speak, and let me know, and I will do what I can."

"Give me the word for the night."

"The word is 'Dieskau.' Now go on, curse you, and say no more about me."

Dubois laughed, and passed on. No more was said to them from this time, as the guards passed them quickly, once they had the word. Half an hour after they stopped at a house in the Lower Town. The door was opened at a whispered word from Dubois, and they entered. The door was quickly locked and bolted behind them, and they passed into a neatly-furnished room. A lady, somewhat younger than Dubois, rose to receive them.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LADY OF THE MASK.

A LADY, whose figure was enough to satisfy the young Englishman that she *was* a lady, but whose face was covered by a mask of Venetian lace, which only showed the lower part of her face, which was white and delicate. She stood in the light of a lamp, waiting to receive them, with a graceful ease which sat well upon her, but which she could not long maintain, for she held out both hands to Dubois, saying in a tone of inexpressible tenderness:

"You do not falter, Armand. Tender, tried and true That is your motto, *mon ami*, and you will keep it, even to the end."

"Monsieur Ronald Danforth, the English officer of whom I spoke," said Dubois. "Danforth, this is Mademoiselle De Brennon, the Fortune-Teller of Quebec."

"I have heard of her," said Danforth, gallantly; "and that she will always wear a mask upon her face, to punish us for our sins."

"It is true," said the lady. "I never remove my mask and I hold you to a promise, as an officer and a gentleman that you will not seek to penetrate my mask by any subterfuge. Do you promise?"

"Since you ask it, yes," said the young man, bowing low.

"Enough. It is nearly morning, and Monsieur Danforth must be fatigued. You will accompany this servant to your bed-chamber, and rest. Keep your room until I send for you again."

"When shall I see you again, Dubois?" said the young man, as he prepared to follow the servant.

"I shall be here when you are called," replied Dubois. "My own house would be too hot to hold me after last night's work. You need rest, and had better take it."

The moment he was gone the lady turned eagerly to Dubois.

"Speak to me, and tell me what has been done," she cried. "Have you seen that villain, and is the time yet ripe for his punishment?"

Dubois sat down by her, and for over two hours they sat in close conversation, unmindful how the time flew by. They were startled by a rap at the door, and, glancing through the half-closed shutters, saw that the morning had come.

"Get out of sight as quickly as you can," said the fortune-teller. "I did not expect visitors so soon. If you would like to see who it is, you know where to go."

The servant appeared, and waited until Dubois had disappeared.

"Shall I open the door now, mistress?" he said.

"As soon as you like," she answered. "If there are not more than two, admit them at once."

"There are three, mistress."

"I will break my rule for once," she said. "Admit them."

While the servant opened the door she hurried from the room, and three men, whose dress was hidden by long cloaks, and whose faces were closely muffled, entered the parlor.

"Inform Mademoiselle Debrannon that we are in waiting," said one, who appeared to be the superior. "And say that we have no time to spare."

The servant passed out, and returned directly.

"One may enter now," he said.

The man who had spoken rose, and, signing to the others to remain where they were, followed the guide. He was ushered into a darkened room at the back of the house, which was in itself an index of the character of the occupant. Charts of the heavens and strange diagrams, globes and the

like, supposed to be indispensable in the art of fortune-telling were seen at various points. And, in the center of the room, wearing a spangled robe thrown over her other garments, stood the masked lady.

"You have claimed great power in the occult science," said the visitor, haughtily, "and though I do not believe in your art, I have come to test you."

"Louis de Saint Veran, Marquis of Montcalm," said Mademoiselle Debrennon, slowly, "it is useless for you to hide your face from me."

The marquis, for it was indeed no other, started in surprise as she spoke his name, and let the cloak drop.

"You have my name, mademoiselle," he said, "and it gives me confidence that there is more in your art than most people allow. I have come to ask you a few questions."

"I am ready," she answered. "Proceed."

The marquis was not superstitious; but, writhing under the fact that the power of France was passing away, he had determined to consult the fortune-teller, not expecting that she could reveal to him any thing of moment.

"I will explain myself," he said. "I am one to whom self is of little moment, compared with the glory of France. I had hoped that mine was to be the hand to reclaim the cities and fortresses wrung from us by the English. Is this to be?"

"No."

Montcalm's face changed at the quick answer, and he bowed his head.

"Does danger menace Quebec?"

"Yes."

"From what quarter?"

"The web of fate is closing fast about this doomed city. I seem to hear her knell in every passing breeze. The time is not far away when not a French flag shall float through the broad expanse of the Canadas. You are the last Governor who shall hold sway in Quebec."

"You speak as one having authority," he said, lightly, endeavoring to put on an assumption of indifference. "Am I the last Governor of Canada, then?"

"No."

"But you said I was the last to rule."

"In Quebec. Another shall hold sway for a little season, but his power will not be long. Fate is against it."

"Whom must I fear most?"

"Wolfe."

Montcalm started again. She had touched upon the man he most dreaded—the ardent, enthusiastic young hero, crowned with the laurels he had won at Louisburg.

"Ask me no more questions," she said. "So much I may tell, but the rest is in darkness. A vision of blood and death swims before my eyes, a vision of steel and flame. War will rage without the walls of the city, and it must fall. Your fate is dark as yet and I may not see it clearly, but it is near at hand."

"Will it be disgrace?"

"No. Louis de Saint Veran can never be disgraced."

"Now, hear me, woman," cried the marquis, striking his hand upon his sword-hilt. "Let what will befall, Louis de Saint Veran will be true to his country and flag."

"I know it," she answered. "Now go, and send your companions. And to prove that I have some power, let me whisper their names in your ear."

Montcalm bent his head to hear her words, and struck his hands together hard:

"Lily, your power is wonderful, and you have named the men rightly. I leave you, that I may falsify your words if possible, as far as regards myself."

"You can not change that which Fate has written," she answered, as he passed out. A moment after, the two he had left in the next room entered. "Drop your cloaks," she cried.

"Captain Miron, you are welcome. You have too handsome a face to shuffle from the light. I am sorry I can not say as much of your companion, Neville D'Argent. What do you seek here?"

Miron laughed lightly, as he threw off the cloak. D'Argent followed his example, and stood scowling darkly.

"I will anticipate your wishes, Captain D'Argent. You seek to know something of the past."

"True," said D'Argent. "Is it in your power to show it?"

"Judge for yourself," she said. "Sit, and wait until the vision comes."

She took a divining-rod from a table, and waved it over her head thrice. Sad, mournful music rose responsive to the summons, and continued for some moments. Then she spoke:

"You are a native of Paris, and of good family," she said. "You lived a gay and careless life, until you had passed your twentieth summer. At that time you were finished in the parts of the man of the world, although so young—in fact, an accomplished libertine and *roué*. One night, at the opera, you saw Madeline Du Bray, a daughter of a noble house, who was young, and had at least the attraction of youth and health. She was loved by a man of noble nature, one whose heart was wholly hers and whom she loved as well. You made a wager to gain her love—no matter how much gold you wagered, but it was a great sum—and set about accomplishing your object. You found that Madeline was so strongly armed by her love for the man whose promised wife she was, that your words might as well have fallen on deaf ears. And when you went further, she struck you in the face."

"Is this delusion?" cried the soldier, "or, has a spirit risen from the grave to haunt me? Woman or fiend, who are you?"

Silence! I am one who speaks to you from an open grave. Hear me to the end. Your arts failed, and you lost your wager, on the day when you saw her the wife of the man she loved. Your villainous nature, full of spite as you saw their felicity, grew worse day by day. You nursed in your heart the deadly desire to be revenged upon them. You watched and waited until the time came. One night you found fitting instruments, and decoyed her husband to one of those dreadful dens, so abundant among the lower depths of Paris, and sent him back to her so changed, that the mother who bore him would not have known her son. That same week your regiment sailed from Calais, and when search was made, your victim found herself doubly betrayed—her husband driven mad by suffering, and her child stolen, it was believed by you."

"False, false," he cried. "Why do you accuse me of all these bitter things?"

"I am not an accuser; I am a Seer, to whom the past is unrolled as a scroll. You know well what I say is *not* false, Neville D'Argent. You know, none so well as you, that your hand robbed her of life, for she could not bear those accumulated miseries. She—"

"I heard so," he said, huskily. "Do not press me too hard. My punishment is greater than I can bear."

"Let it be known where is the child, and much of your wickedness will be atoned for," said the woman. "I can not say how great good you may do by making this known. Have pity on those who are left; let them have the child, and your destiny will be less dark."

"Never," he said. "Let Madeline Du Bray rest in the grave they made her. Since I can not give the child back to her, I will not give her to any other. But, enough of this memory. Maron, have you any questions to ask?"

"Not I. My life will not bear such a test as yours has, though I am half tempted to forswear your friendship forever. Let us go."

They left the house and walked quickly down toward the river. It was now bright morning. In front of the city, upon the majestic river, lay the French ships at anchor. Upon the other bank, Point Leir stretched out into the stream. Above them, rising spire on spire, and seeming to look down upon the city and reach in grand contempt, hung the Upper Town, with its great citadel, and the grim cannon peering from the embrasures, planted to sweep the river and the land in front. They were Frenchmen enough to appreciate the beauties of the scene, and were standing facing the river, when a canoe, containing two persons, came from behind one of the vessels lying at anchor, and swept toward the quay. Both saw at the same moment that the occupants were Kemalo and Maréchal. She was kneeling in the bow, her rich dark hair sweeping about her with an unstudied grace which made her doubly beautiful, and Kemalo sat in the stern, sending the light craft onward with powerful strokes toward the city.

"Ha," said D'Argent. "As I live, this night's work had driven her from my mind. Is she not peerless? What woman in Quebec can equal her in grace and beauty?"

In truth, the Indian maiden was more than beautiful that

day. Her brown cheek, flushed with youth and health, her picturesque dress and graceful movements, combined to make her wonderfully charming.

"Study no more evil, Neville D'Argent," said Merou. "I have a vein of sentiment in me, and will not allow you to do that sweet girl any harm."

"You!"

"*Certainement!* It seems that you doubt my ability. I will tell you the truth, *mon ami*. I thought myself a devil, but in good sooth you beat me; you do indeed. That tale we heard this morning was so terrible, that I think you should begin to do a little good instead of evil. Atonement is good for the soul."

"Look you, Gaston Merou. The moment you interfere with me, in the slightest degree, I will choke the life out of you."

"*Ma foi!* You surprise me, Monsieur le Capitaine? I had thought that a game at which two could play, and your words demand explanation. Of course you will not refuse to give me this, because in case you did, I should be forced to do an awkward thing."

"And what might that be?"

"I should pull your nose in the presence of the entire mess," replied Merou, coolly.

D'Argent looked at him in surprise. He saw that, for some reason, his former friend wished to precipitate a quarrel with him, and was taking every means to do so.

"I am no longer useful to you," said he, slowly. "Ah, that is the way of life. I will not balk you of your wishes if you continue in the same mind to-night. In the mean time, I will proceed with the business in hand. Since we have no further occasion for each other, perhaps you will walk ashore and let me meet my friends alone."

"Your friends. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You shall not drive me to fight you this morning, my little captain," said D'Argent, grimly. "Neither will I find you until I am prepared. Ah! good morrow, Kenado. May I speak to you a moment?"

"Kenado is always ready to hear the words of the white man when he comes 'n kindness," replied the Indian, as he secured the canoe.

"Then step aside with me a moment," said D'Argent. "I do not wish these gentlemen to hear what I have to say."

Kenado followed him a short distance up the quay, leaving Moretah leaning against a pile of lumber, listening modestly to the marked greeting of Merou.

"Let my brother speak," said Kenado.

"I would tell you that I am sorry for what I did last sun beside the Talking Water," said D'Argent, with an assumption of sorrow which did not rest gracefully upon him. "I had been drinking wine, and I forgot myself, or I would not have placed myself in the way of your daughter."

"Enough," said Kenado. "A chief of the Hurons knows how to forgive. Let it be forgotten. Is there any more to say?"

"I would be your friend."

"Good. Then we will go, for Kenado has work to do for his people."

"Before you go, let me say a word in your ear. Beware of Merou, for he means to do wrong to your daughter."

Kenado made no reply, but laid his hand significantly upon his hatchet. D'Argent understood him. The man who did a wrong to Moretah was doomed beyond a hope. They returned to the others, and Kenado made a sign to his daughter to follow, and walked quickly down the street. Merou and D'Argent, with glances of mutual defiance, separated, and the latter quickened his pace and came up with Kenado. The Indian paused.

"Which way does my brother go?" he said, coolly.

"I have nothing to do," said D'Argent. "I will go with you."

"No," said the chief. "I would be alone to-day."

D'Argent bowed courteously and fell back. It was well for him that Kenado did not see the savage look which flitted across his face.

"Does even this savage Indian despise me?" he hissed. "I am sunk low indeed when this is true. Pass on, red devil that you are, and we shall see which will prove the stronger, you or I."

He turned back and strolled into the "Trois Gens D'Armes," and called for a bottle of wine. He had hardly been there

ten minutes, when, to his utter surprise, Dubois entered coolly and sat down directly opposite. He was about to spring up and call upon those present to seize him, when Dubois raised his finger to enjoin silence and moved his chair to D'Argent's table.

"*Le diable !*" hissed D'Argent. "I have heard of sublime impudence, Monsieur Dubois, but upon my word, yours passes belief."

"Does it? That is because you do not know me," said Dubois. "You thought of giving an alarm and having me arrested, did you not?"

"I have not yet quite relinquished the design," replied D'Argent, satirically.

"Is it possible? Yet I think I can prevail upon you to relinquish that design. This is a queer world we live in, Captain D'Argent. Men sometimes seem what they are not. You forced your society upon me last night and I am not to blame if you were badly received. If you had warned us of your coming, perhaps your reception might have been different."

"Enough of this. I command you to surrender."

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall then call aid and take you."

"Why not take me alone, monsieur?"

"Because you are too good a swordsman," said D'Argent. "Come; your answer."

"Oh, I will go along with you if you insist upon it," said Dubois, quietly. "Only, before I go I would be pleased to have you look at this."

He took out a small silver box, and touching a spring, took out a neatly folded paper. D'Argent unfolded it and a look of unutterable surprise passed over his face as he saw that it was a safeguard signed by the king and countersigned by Montcalm. Dubois, smiling quietly, took the paper from the unresisting hand of the captain, returned it to the box and closed the lid.

"Do you still persist in arresting me, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

"Certainly not. Who and what are you, strange man? There is something in your face which reminds me of days which I would forget, and which, if I could, how gladly would I blot from the book of my remembrance!"

"You have sinned deeply," said Dubois. "This morning you consulted one who opened wide to you the book in which deeds of which you seek forgetfulness are written."

"All the fiends of the pit seize upon you," hissed D'Argent. "How did you know that?"

"As I know many things. A web is weaving about you which you will soon close in forever. Make what atonement you can and tell us where the child is whom you stole from Madeline Du Bray."

"You too? I will not tell you."

Dubois rose with his hand upon his sword. What he meant to do is impossible to say, for at this moment Kenado, Moretah and another Indian entered the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAMB AND THE HYENA.

THE man who entered with the chief did not wear the dress of the Huron tribe, but of the Caughnawaga Mohawks. D'Argent, who was an adept in Indian costumes, saw this at once, and he was surprised to see one of the tribe so far from home. The three advanced, and Moretah seated herself apart from the rest, bearing with steady composure and native modesty the admiring glances of the young officers who filled the various boxes. All of them knew her, and not one dared to utter a disrespectful word or even look at her with freedom. The Indians stood upon each side, leaning against the wall, never moving a muscle of their set faces. The young Mohawk was a handsome fellow, tall and erect, with muscular shoulders and powerful limbs. D'Argent rose, while Dubois sat down again, and while seeming to pay no attention to the Indians, watched them keenly. As he looked, he saw the younger warrior adjust a knife in his belt in a manner which drew his attention. A single glance was enough; they knew each other. D'Argent advanced and greeted Kenado warmly and asked who this young man was.

"A young war-chief, who has come from the Mohawk with news for the great chief," said Kenado.

"What is his name?"

"Taunto, the Mohawk," replied the chief. "We will tell the news to the great chief, and to no other."

"Good," said Taunto, briefly.

"Will you wait here, or shall I take you to the *marquis* now?" asked D'Argent.

"We will go now," replied Kenado.

"And what will Moretah do?" said D'Argent.

"Moretah will stay; no one here will harm her, for they know who she is."

"Then come with me," said the captain.

They followed him without more words to the outside, where he met an orderly and gave them in charge, directing him to show them at once into the presence of Montcalm, whose head-quarters were not far away. This done, he waited for a few moments, and then called to him a little *gamin* who was lingering about the door, and told him to go to the "*Trois Gens D'Armes*," and tell Moretah that her father had sent for her and she was to come with him at once. He whispered directions to the boy where to lead her, and then hurried away. The *gamin* did his duty well, and though Moretah was surprised that he should send for her after telling her to remain until his return, she rose and followed him. He led her into a narrow street, which bore a bad name, and stopped at the door of a shabby-looking house.

"Stop," said Moretah. "Is the chief my father here?"

"Of course he is," said the boy, promptly. "What did I bring you here for?"

"My father went to see the great chief," she said. "Would he live in so dark a place as this?"

"You can ask," said the *gamin*, knocking at the door. A shriveled old woman opened it. "Is Kenado the Huron here?" said the boy. "She won't believe that he is."

"But he is, *mon enfant*," said the old hag. "Come in, pretty savage."

Moretah followed her conductress into a shabby parlor, dark and dirty. Moretah gave a glance of contempt at the poor surroundings, and stopped.

"I will go no farther," she said. "Let the chief come to me here. I think you tell me lies."

"He is not in this room," said the hag, persuasively. "He is in there. Go and see him, my pretty."

"No," said Moretah, glancing quickly about her. "I will not go there. Let him come to me."

"And I am willing to come at your call, Moretah," said D'Argent, emerging from the room to which the hag pointed, and approaching her. "Forgive the little subterfuge which brought you here, for I wished to see you alone."

"Lies, all lies!" cried Moretah, with nostrils dilating. "D'Argent is a coward. Why have you brought me here?"

"That I might tell you how much I love you," he cried, endeavoring to take her hand.

But she shook him off. "Do not touch me," she said. "Do not dare to insult the daughter of a chief. I am not a fool, and I know why you have brought me here."

"I am glad you know it, then. You are in my power, and you shall never leave this place until you promise to love me. Come, and I will show you the place which is to be your prison until I choose to set you free."

She snatched the hatchet that hung in her belt and made a vicious stroke at him, which, if it had taken effect, would have killed him. He sprang back nimbly and eluded the blow. The *gacha* and hag had disappeared and left them alone. A wild light came into the eyes of Moretah—a light such as we see in the orbs of any brave animal at bay. D'Argent saw it, too, and laughed lightly as he advanced to seize her. Quick as thought, she struck at him again, and the handle of the hatchet dropped into the palm of his hand and was wrested from her grasp, and she was at the mercy of this villainous wretch. A cry, which the extremity of her danger wrung from her, sounded through the quiet street, and she looked about for some avenue of escape. The windows were shuttered closely, and there was no escape that way. She ran to the door and tried it, but the hag had closed it when she went out, and locked it. Moretah uttered scream after scream, and D'Argent, with a muttered curse, "not loud, but deep," hurried toward her. At this moment came a thundering rap at the door of the house.

"Open," cried a manly voice. "What lady calls for aid? Where are you?"

"Here!" screamed Moretah, beating on the door of the room. "Help, help!"

There was a loud crash and the crazy outside door was beaten in and the rush of coming feet was heard. D'Argent had seized the girl and bore her down upon his knee, his broad hand pressed upon her mouth, while he listened eagerly. Moretah freed herself and screamed again, and crash came a foot against the door. The bolt was forced off, the door flew open, and Dubois appeared upon the threshold, his fine face blazing with anger. D'Argent released Moretah and leaped to his feet, drawing a pistol from his belt, which he pointed at the head of the intruder.

"Go back," he said, hoarsely. "There is blood enough upon my hands already without yours. If you value your life a sou's worth, leave this house at once."

"Go and leave the lamb in the hyena's jaws!" cried Dubois. "You villain!"

"Your blood upon your head," said D'Argent, fiercely, and pulled the trigger. But Moretah caught his arm and the bullet flew wide of the mark. With a savage curse, he turned and struck her, while Dubois uttered a cry of rage as he saw her fall to the earth, and drawing his sword, rushed at him bearing him backward. D'Argent freed his blade from the scabbard, and though hopeless of being able to contend successfully with such a swordsman, he had a sort of bull-dog courage which sustained him, even in this trying hour. It was a desperate struggle, hand and foot, which ended in the downfall of D'Argent, wounded in the left shoulder. Dubois hesitated a moment and then raised his sword, evidently resolved to pierce the wretch to the heart, but Moretah's voice stopped him.

"Do not kill him," she said.

"He struck you," replied Dubois, hoarsely. "The cowardly villain, to raise his hand against a frail girl like you."

"Let him alone," she said. "What is a little wrong like that to what you have saved me from? Let us go away and leave him here, to feed upon his own heart. Moretah is very glad you came."

"Stop," said D'Argent. "I wish to give you some advice. Find some secret place in which to hide yourself, or else kill me now while you have me in your power, for if you do not, sooner or later I will have your life for this day's work."

"My life is in the hand of God," said Armand Dubois. "Fool, do you think you could take it without *His* sanction? Come away, Moretah. This is no place for you."

They left the house together, the eyes of Dubois lingering fondly upon the fair girl he had saved. Do not mistake him. He did not love her as men love women when they wish to marry them, but felt a sort of tenderness for her, such as a father might feel for a loved daughter. There was something in her pure face, her gentle voice, her innocent ways, so child-like and unassuming, which drew him to her instinctively.

"How did you come to help me?" she said, softly. "Moretah is very glad."

"I saw that *gamin* come for you and give you that message, and I felt certain your father had not sent for you. I followed at a distance, and I saw you enter this street, which has a bad name. I hurried on, and just as I came into the street I heard you scream and I broke in the door."

"You are very kind," she said. "I have two fathers now, whom I love dearly. One is Kenabo the Huron, and the other is Dubois, the good white man."

Dubois said nothing, but his manly eyes were dimmed for a moment. "Will you go and see Mademoiselle Debrennon? I will meet your father and tell him where you are, and the lady is anxious to see you. She loves you very much."

"And I love her," said Moretah, quickly. "She is very kind to the white wood girl, and teaches her many things which she would never learn in the forest. See; I can read in your good books already, and I learn more every day. But Kenabo says she is teaching me to care more for the white man than the Indian, and it makes him sad sometimes. I cannot bear to see Kenabo sad, for he has been a kind father to me all these years."

Dubois pushed open the door of Mademoiselle Debrennon's house, and sent Moretah in. She was accustomed to visit here, for the lady took great pleasure in teaching this wild forest-flower the arts of civilization. She was very apt, and had an

almost insatiate craving for knowledge, seldom found in women of her nation. Mademoiselle Debrennon insisted that she could not be of pure blood, and one day asked the Indian to tell her who was Moretah's mother. Kenado looked vexed and gave some short answer.

"She is not all Huron," said the lady.

"The white woman has good eyes," said Kenado, with a touch of satire. "How does she know this?"

"I have eyes," said the masked lady, "and I know that she shows a relish for our pursuits, which is not natural in an Indian girl."

"Ugh," said Kenado. "That is because her mother was not *all* Indian. Are you satisfied?"

Whether satisfied or not, he would tell her no more. In truth, Kenado was a little jealous of her power over Moretah and tried in his quiet way to separate them. But, he found that Moretah pined for her kind teacher, and the chief could not bear to give her any pain, so he allowed them to come together again.

Leaving Moretah to find the fortune-teller, Dabois walked quickly down the street toward Montcalm's head-quarters. On the way he met the picket who had passed him, with Ronald Danforth, on account of the "little tale" Dabois could tell of his past life. The man looked at him with a fierce flash of the eye, which Dabois answered by a smile of contempt. The man paused, turned about, and looked after him, uttering a bitter curse. He was still watching him keenly when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned, and saw Captain D'Argent.

"You hate that man," said D'Argent.

"What man?" said Gaspard Lefebvre, for it is best to call him by the name by which he was known in the city. "I do not understand you."

"When a man pauses in his course, looks after another and curses him loudly, he hates him," replied the captain. "Bosh, man. Do not try to deceive me; you hate him like death."

"Suppose I do?"

"I am glad of it."

"Why?"

"Because I hate him too. That man has done me a great

an irreparable injury. Do you wish to earn two hundred Napoleons?"

"Do I wish to fly through the air like a bird?"

"You may do *that* yet," said D'Argent, who had a grim lerner of his own, "when they hang you. There, do not get angry. You think there is no chance to earn so much money. I know there is. Listen to me, and I will tell you how."

Lefebvre listened intently to the whispered instructions of his captain. When he had finished he followed Dubois, keeping him in sight. "I will earn the two hundred Napoleons," he muttered.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SPY AT HIS WORK.

DUBOIS, unconscious of the espionage which Lefebvre had commenced, hurried toward Montcalm's residence. Just as he neared the door it opened, and the two Indians came out. The information which the Mohawk brought was nothing new, and merely hearsay as regarded Wolfe. In relation to Amherst he was more correct, and gave a very good *résumé* of his course up to this time, but knew nothing of his plans. Dubois did not join them, but passed them at a quick pace and went on toward his own house. As he passed, however, he gave them a signal which they understood, and they sauntered on behind him after the dignified manner of the Indian, never uttering a word. Lefebvre still followed, and they entered the Upper Town through the palace gate, Dubois entering his house without looking behind him. Lefebvre saw Kemado turn to [matter something in a low voice to his companion, and they turned aside and entered the house.

"Now, what does that mean?" said Lefebvre. "I must try and find out."

He approached the gate and was about to enter, when he found his course impeded. Adolph Loutrel had come out of the dwelling and was leaning upon the gate in such a way as to impede his onward course. A glance of mutual distrust

passed between them, and they measured each other's faces as two bulldogs might have done, who could not quite decide whether to join battle.

"Good-morrow, comrade," said Adolph. "It is a fine day. Do you hear any thing from these English?"

"Oh, they will be down upon us some fine day, *mon ami*. Wolfe is not asleep."

"Neither is Montcalm. You will find that he will yield to no Englishman."

Lefebvre was puzzled. Being half inclined to suspect Dubois of treachery, it surprised him to hear his servant talk so glibly of the bravery of Montcalm.

"You have a fine place here, *mon camarade*," said Lefebvre.

"So, so. We have no cause to complain. I have a contented disposition and make a little go a great way."

"Who is your master?"

"Monsieur Dubois."

"Did he ever live in Montreal?"

"No."

"The devil! Then how did he know me?" muttered the man to himself. "This is a nice muddle." Then, in a louder tone! "Does he travel much?"

"Hardly ever. He is nearly always at home taking care of his brother, who is afflicted. I see you are in the regiment of Languedoc. It is a good one. These fellows will not run."

"Not they! By the way, was not that the chief Kenado who went in just now?"

"Yes."

"Does he know your master?"

"I believe so."

"What can they be talking about? It would be a capital joke to hide somewhere and listen to them."

"It would be a first-class joke," replied Adolph, still leaning on the gate.

"Then let us try it," said Lefebvre. "It would be such fine sport."

"Excuse me," said the servant; "in your part of the country do they have a habit of spying upon their masters?"

"For a joke, yea."

"It is a bad habit," said Adolph, "and would not work here. My master would take such a joke in a practical way, and wring the neck of any spy, no matter who sent him. *Bon jour*, camarade; I think your duty will call you away about this time."

Cursing him heartily, the soldier walked away, and Adolph walked back to the house, grinning broadly. The Indians did not remain long in the house, but emerged and walked down to the river. Kenda entered Mademoiselle Debremon's house for a moment, but left Moretah there, and the two went into the canoe and paddled up the stream. Ten minutes after their departure Dubois mounted his horse at the door and rode away toward Beaufort, a village between the St. Charles and Montmorenci. Lefebvre, who had been watching, saw him ride away, and hastened to communicate with Captain D'Argent. The captain had a hasty interview with a superior officer, and half an hour after the departure of Dubois, ten men, admirably mounted, crossed the bridge of the St. Charles and rode away upon the track of Dubois. They heard of him at Beaufort, but there lost the track of him altogether, and returned, weary and crestfallen, after riding out to Montmorenci.

Dubois had an idea that he would be followed, and had taken his measures accordingly. This man was an enemy of France, although of French blood, and was hungering for the time when the flag of England should wave over the citadel of Quebec. All the invaders of the French provinces had gone upon some data furnished them by him and by another of his stamp, Despard of Montreal. The two aided each other, and sent information backward and forward regarding each other, who left one town for another. The plans of Dubois were fast ripening, and he was now on his way to give information to the coming British force of the best place to land, and the number of the army opposing them. After leaving Beaufort, he turned suddenly aside to the river, and tied his horse in a thicket and waited. He had not long to wait, for a low call warned him his friends were near, and the canoe, propelled by two strong paddles, rounded from a point near at hand, and neared him rapidly. They landed and drew the canoe up the bank.

"Whew!" said the Mohawk. "That is better. How Montcalm would foam if he knew that the man whose body he thinks is sitting about in the basin below the Montmorenci has been giving him excellent information of an enemy he knows nothing about, and a very indistinct report of another about whose movements he is well posted."

Taunto was Ronald Danforth, skillfully disguised.

"Ugh!" said Kenado. "White man cheat Indian, almost."

"Now, then, for our plans," said Danforth. "Kenado and I will go on and meet Wolfe, who is not far down the river now. You had better stay here until we return. Where do you think we had better land?"

"Let him disembark first at the church of St. Laurent, upon the Island of Orleans. Of course he will not stay there long, but his ships will be out of danger, and it will make an excellent base of supplies. How many troops can Wolfe count?"

"Eight thousand men, with twenty ships of the line and as many frigates and small armed vessels. Montcalm has more troops than we have."

"Say to him that I am here and ready. The exact number of troops in Quebec and vicinity I can not give to night, but it shall be sent to him promptly. You had better return again, for you are not suspected, and we can work best together. Tell Wolfe that Montcalm has many strong intrenchments between the two rivers, especially upon the heights of Beaufort. A strong bridge has been built across the St. Charles, by which they can readily retreat, if necessary. It will be no child's play to wrest Quebec from the grasp of the Great Marquis."

"What other points must we seize?"

"Point Levi must be fortified. Now go, and take this letter to Wolfe. In it I have set down what I think would be his best course, but he must to some extent be governed by circumstances. God bless you, Danforth; may He speed the right cause. I shall have work to do on Beaufort Heights if you do not return, but I should be pleased to have you with me."

"I will return. Now, Kenado, let us away, for we have no time to spare."

When they were gone the spy sat down upon a rock, and

remained in deep meditation for two hours. Then he rose, and climbing a lofty bluff, looked down the river. There, bared against the deep-blue sky, he saw a forest of coming masts. Wolfe was on the war-path.

Dubois bounded to his feet, and waved his hand above his head. "There they come!" he cried. "Hurrah for the Union Jack of England! Hurrah for the cross of St. George! *Vive l'Angleterre!* Down with the nation under whose flag I was born, and the minions she sustains. And glorious Wolfe, sail on to victory, which I will do my best to render certain."

From his lofty position he stood and looked out over the broad river and saw the ships come on. To him they bore Cæsar and his fortunes. This man was almost a monomaniac in his desire to see the lilies of the white flag go down, and the Union Jack rise above it. On they came, a majestic show—a grand line-of-battle ships, heavy frigates, and many minor craft. Already the French were awake to their danger, and signal-flags were waving, guns were fired from the lights, and every one in Quebec knew in half an hour the battle was near at hand. They could not know that Wolfe's force was far inferior to theirs in point of numbers, nor did Wolfe yet know the great disparity of forces. He only knew that Quebec was before him, his Cæsar. He, like Moses, was destined to stand upon the mountain top and look into the promised land, but his feet could never tread the land he looked on. Evening came slowly on, and when it was dark enough to pass unobserved, the canoe of Kenabo came stealing back and Dubois joined them.

"You must go on to the city and wait for me at my house," he said. "I must go to Beaufort alone. Montcalm has a consultation of officers, and I must be there."

There was no time to waste. The canoe passed on, and Dubois mounted again and rode to the little caliche of Beaufort, at which Montcalm's "head quarters in the field," were placed. As he rode in there was a consultation among a group of officers and one of them approached him.

"Monsieur Dubois, I believe?" he said, bowing.

"The same," replied Dubois, coolly. "May I ask if you have any thing to say to me?"

"Certainly, or I should not have intruded my conversation upon you," replied the officer, politely. "Were you aware that a party of horse were sent out after you when you left Quebec to-day?"

"No; I was not aware that they intended me the honor of an escort. Doubtless my good friend Captain D'Argent led it, as he has been rather forward in my affairs lately."

"We have thought that your leaving the city required explanation," said the officer. "Perhaps, under these circumstances, you will not object to going to Montcalm's quarters and making this explanation."

"I should wish to do so," replied Dubois, coolly. "I have a report to make."

His coolness puzzled the officer. He was entirely innocent, or wore a mask more coolly than any man he had ever seen. Dubois dismounted, gave his horse to the man who came to take it, and looked at the officer.

"I am ready," he said.

The officer led the way into the little building in which Montcalm had established himself, a sort of wine-house, and found the marquis seated at a table alone. He looked not a little surprised to see who entered.

"Be seated, Monsieur Dubois. Captain Evenay, you have permission to retire."

The officer saluted and left the room, while Dubois took a chair, and met the keen glance of the marquis boldly. If he had quailed then, Montcalm would have suspected him at once.

"You left Quebec about midday, Monsieur Dubois. Why did you do so?"

"I rode out because I needed exercise, more than any thing else," replied Dubois. "If I had known you objected to it, I should have remained in the town. I understand you thought proper to send a patrol after me. May I ask if this was essential?"

"It was not done without a reason. Captain D'Argent assures me that you are a secret worker against our interests."

"Marquis Montcalm," said Dubois, "I do not wish to speak of this man farther than to give one reason why he hates me

If you will allow me, I will tell you something which happened this morning."

He detailed, in as few words as possible, the manner in which Moreau was entrapped into the house from which he had taken her, and the part he had played in releasing her. The report is listened to him with unconcealed anger.

"I believe you, monsieur," he said. "These are busy times or I would make Captain D'Argent give an account of himself for that act. In fact, he advanced no proof against you simply a strong conviction."

"I have something to report," said Dubois.

"The coming of the English?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis."

"I was aware of it."

"I did not know where they had been reported, and as I saw them from the river-bank, I came to tell you. It is a fleet of nearly fifty sail."

"So many? We must meet them somehow, though I have little confidence in my native and provincial troops. These are picked men who have come against us—the flower of the British army, led by a man who is a great leader, and has already dealt us damaging blows. I thank you for your zeal, Monsieur Dubois, and give you permission to leave me. There will be a council of war to-night, and our course will be marked out."

Dubois bowed and retired, after taking careful note of the room and its surroundings. Instead of leaving the house, he slipped into a little alley-way which led to the right, and reached a small room which was let to occasional guests.

"This will do," he muttered. "Let me look about me."

Moving softly to the wall of the room, he passed his hand over it and found it to be of wood. A ray of light from the other room drew his attention to a small knot-hole in the partition. Applying his eye to this, he could see the interior of the next room. Montcalm was still at the table, in deep thought. The spy stole out, and went downstairs.

"You can give me a room to-night?" he said, addressing the landlord.

"Certainly, monsieur. I have a very fine room for you."

"I would like to see it."

The landlord took a candle and showed him up the stairs. Luckily, he pitched upon the next room to the one in which Dubois had so lately been.

"Who occupies the next room?" he asked, as he sat down on the bed.

"Nobody, for the present, monsieur. There is a council in the room of the marquis, and his secretary sleeps there to-night. But, he will not be in his room until late. This door, as you see, goes into the next room, but you have only to shoot this little bolt, thus, and you have it fast. Behold: click, it is shut; click, it is open; you have it all your own way. Is it monsieur's pleasure to retire now?"

"Yes; I am tired by a long ride. Have me awakened early in the morning, and I will ride into Quebec and see what is to be seen."

"Good rest, monsieur!"

"Thank you," replied Dubois, and the man went out. He was alone in the room, and listened until Montcalm's secretary came into the next room, looked carefully about it, tried the door of communication between the two apartments, and then went out, locking his own door behind him. He heard footsteps coming up the stairs and entering the chamber occupied by Montcalm. Another and another, until he was satisfied that all had come up. He now locked his own door, removed his boots, and opening the bolt so nicely explained by the landlord, crept cautiously into the secretary's bedchamber. Moving with steady, catlike steps, he was nearing the knothole, when Montcalm's door was again opened. He darted back, not a moment too soon, and closed the door just as the secretary came in. He had forgotten a letter upon the table, which he needed in the coming meeting. He secured it and went out again, and Dubois waited until he was certain he had entered the council, then returned once more to his post.

He lay prostrate upon the floor, and bending his ear, listened breathlessly to every word spoken within the room which could be of service to Wolfe and the English cause.

Montcalm sat facing the wall at which Dubois was lying, and was speaking in a low tone. He told them how much depended upon the successful repulse of the fleet and army under Wolfe, who was the very English heart of hope, and if

beaten, it would end the campaign for this year at least. Amherst had failed in sweeping the Champlain and taking Montreal, and they need not fear him. Their only course was to fight bravely and beat back the British from their walls. The three great leaders of the French army, the Baron de Saint Ours, De Zuylenberghe and Herbin spoke at some length. Ramezay spoke but little, but what he said was full of determination.

"We will try our front upon the river Montmorenci," said Ramezay. "You may be sure of that. What with our earth works, and all the advantage of position, we ought to beat him back easily."

"Suppose they attack us from the other side?" said the Baron de St. Ours.

"Are they birds, to fly in the air?" replied Ramezay. "No fear of that."

"Very true," said Montcalm. "I hold it impossible to make an assault from that side. By the way, Captain Merou, have you made out the list of the army?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis. I have it on this paper. I left it in my room a little while ago and I went back for it. It was a great oversight, for which I beg your pardon."

"It was careless. Where is your room, by the way?"

"Next to yours," said Merou. "I took that room because the landlord might have placed some one there who would have overheard our conference. As it is, the door is locked and I have the key in my pocket. May I ask if the man known as Armand Dubois was caught to-day?"

"He was not caught, but he came voluntarily to Beaufort and reported the coming of the English. I assure you all that you are mistaken in this man. I know him to be a descendant of one of the most honorable houses in France, though one upon whom the Government has seen fit to visit its official wrath. Notwithstanding all this, he is true to the cause of France."

Merou shook his head, but said no more, and I gave the marquis the paper upon which he had set down the force under the French flag in and around Quebec.

"I see by this statement that we have under our control thirteen thousand men, including six full battalions of regular troops, the rest Canadians and Indians. It hardly seems to

me that Wolfe has a larger force than that, though he has a great fleet. Keep this paper, and this plan of the fortifications, and give them to me in the morning. Break up, gentlemen, and get to your quarters."

They all rose, and Dabois stole back to his room, slipped the bolt, and lay down. Shortly after he heard Merou come into his room, and peeping through the keyhole, saw him place his coat, containing the plan of the fortifications and the list of troops, under his pillow.

"I must have those papers," muttered the spy.

He sat down on the bed and remained for some time in deep thought. Merou did not retire for an hour, being employed in studying the plan he had drawn up, and perfecting it. When it was completed, he again placed it under his pillow, hid his pistols in a chair near the head of the bed, removed his clothing, and lay down. Patiently, unobtrusively, Dabois sat near the door, waiting until the man should be quite asleep, and then, pushing open the door without noise, he came into the room. That caution which his life of peril had made a part of his nature, had taught him to be prepared for any emergency. He took a small vial from his pocket and saturated a handkerchief with its contents. This done, he slowly approached the bed. As he bent over it the sleeper stirred, and Dabois sunk down out of sight, hidden by the high bed. The steady breathing of Merou a moment after satisfied him that he had not really waked, and he again rose slowly and waved the handkerchief to and fro above the nostrils of the sleeper. A strange odor filled the room, and Dabois suffered his hand to sink until it rested upon the face of the sleeper. There was a slight struggle, and the senses of Merou were locked in slumber from which a gunshot could not have waked him.

Dabois now brought in the light and looked down upon the sleeper. He lay with his lips just parted, showing his white teeth, the almost childish beauty of his face appearing to greater advantage at that moment. His right arm was under his head, and his curling hair floated back unrestrained from a fair, white brow.

"One would think, with Miranda, that 'nothing ill could dwell in such a temple,'" thought Dabois. "I would not do

the lad harm. A brave boy, led astray by evil companions and a desire to excel. He should not measure swords with me, however. Now for the papers."

He raised the head of the captain, took out his coat, and bringing a small table close to the bed, set the candle upon it, and unfolded the plan of the fortifications. Then, from an inner pocket of his coat, he took out a piece of paper, which had been prepared for an occasion like this by rubbing it with iodine and it became quite transparent. Laying this upon the plan, the dark lines showed plainly everywhere, and he set to work to copy it in detail. Every now and then he turned and pressed the handkerchief upon the upturned face of Meron, and then went on coolly with his work. Nothing but such a training as this man had passed through would have enabled him, without the slightest appearance of flurry or excitement, to copy neatly both the plan and the list, and to attend to the wants of Meron at the same time. He worked on smilingly, and when he had finished returned the papers to the coat, raised the head of the sleeper and replaced the garment, applied the handkerchief once more to his face, put the table back, removed every evidence of his visit, and then walked into his own room, closed and locked the door, and sat down to think over what he had done.

Meron woke quite late, with a heavy head and a predisposition to dizziness, and sat upon the side of the bed, staring blankly about him. Then he remembered the papers, and thrusting his hand under the pillow, drew out the coat and felt in his pocket for the important documents.

"All right," he said. "If I had lost them I might as well leave the country. Ha! what is this?"

He unfolded the plan hastily and looked it over. What had attracted his attention? A small circumstance to most men but to a man accustomed to study cause and effect a matter of much moment. The paper retained some marks of the fat with which the paper upon which Dubois had copied it was smeared, and his delicate fingers detected it in a moment. He felt it again and again and tried to think how it could have come there. He rose and went down, and met the landlord on the stairs.

"Who slept in the room next to me last night?" he said.

"Monsieur Dubois, of Quebec," replied the man.

Merou uttered a cry like that of a wounded beast, and ran up the stairs, throwing open the door of Dubois' room. It was empty!

CHAPTER X

THE PAUSE BEFORE THE STORM.

WOLFE lay ill of fever, brought on by exposure and anxiety. Acting upon the information conveyed to him by Danforth, regarding the defenses of Quebec, he had attempted the passage of the river, but was badly repulsed, and fell back again to his camp to recuperate and re-form for the grand struggle at Abraham Heights.

Ascertaining this, Dubois made his way to the capital and sought out Mademoiselle Debrennon.

"Wolfe has a fever, and it will be a month, at least, before he can do any thing. We have time for our own affairs. Let us get to work at once. Ha, Moretah, are you here?"

The Indian girl had been sitting by the window, looking out into the street. Her face was pensive, and she was looking at the ruins about her, where the English shells had destroyed the town.

"What are you thinking of, *ma belle*?" said Mademoiselle Debrennon, tenderly.

"That the white man builds up beautiful works, and then destroys them," replied Moretah, sally. "Look; as I sat at this window yesterday I saw a great shell come down upon that beautiful house, and it is a ruin now. Is not that so?"

"She is so far in the right that I can not allow you to stay in this place," said Dubois, quickly. "You must go to my other house at the Palace Gate; you know where I mean. Besides, most of our work will be in that quarter. Why do you not betray us to the French, Moretah? They would give you much money for it."

Moretah sprang up and ran to Mademoiselle Debrennon, **as** for protection.

"See, he insults me!" she cried, in her pretty broken French. "He thinks I am so wicked that I would tell tales upon the friends who are kind to me, and who teach me so many things, for the white and yellow money of the French! He is *une lache*!" she cried, stamping her little foot upon the earth. "Do you hear, monsieur?—*une lache*!"

Dubois laughed heartily, while the lady soothed the impatient girl.

"He did not mean it, *petite*. He has the utmost faith in you, and only meant to see how you would take it."

"Certainly," replied Dubois. "She is true as steel, and would not betray us for all the gold France could offer her."

The child of nature ran to him in turn and kissed him.

"I repent," she said. "You are *not* a coward, you are very brave. Try me, and see if I will be faithful to you."

"You need not be tried," he said. "Though the storm rages still, you must out upon your work, Mademoiselle De-brennon. Let me tell you what it is."

He drew her aside and whispered something in a low tone. She nodded and smiled, and Dubois, pressing her hand, allowed her to go away. She was back in a moment, clad in a neat working costume and heavily cloaked and hooded. Moretah was not left alone, for just as they went out, Kenado and Tarto appeared, and they saw the supposed Mohawk seat himself near Moretah at once as though he liked it, and she did not appear to be ill-pleased. Facing the storm, which now was breaking up a little, they hurried across two or three streets, and at length entered a house under the walls of the Upper Town.

Captain D'Argent had his quarters in the same street, not far away. Since their meeting in the street and the discovery that each hated the same man, he had taken Gaspard Lefebvre for his servant. This rogue was not apt in those little offices generally required of a servant, but for all that he was suited to D'Argent. After the battle the captain had ridden into the city, slightly wounded, and had retired to rest at once. He was angry from the pain of his wound, and because he had lost track of Moretah.

"*Imbecile*!" he muttered, as Gaspard dressed his wound. "Pig-Lead, you know nothing! A man with a grain of

smartness in his nature would have finished this Dubois long ago."

"Why have you not done it, my master?" was the somewhat impudent reply.

"*Coquinaine!* Because I am his avowed enemy, and if I allowed myself to kill him it would be easily traced to me. Now, for some reason you refuse to explain to me, you also hate him. Good! we are even on that. I prefer to let you kill him, and you persist in allowing him to escape you."

"If you—"

Whatever Gaspard meant to say was unsaid, for a thundering rap came at the door. The captain started up in bed and listened. The rap came again, and the two looked at each other in surprise.

"Go and see who it is, donkey," hissed the captain. "You will force me to break your stupid head."

Gaspard obeyed, growling something very savage. D'Argent heard him unlock the door and utter a faint cry of surprise. Whoever it was, Gaspard was gone some time, and the murmur of voices told that he was conversing with the individual at the door. He came back with a face white as ashes, so much so that his master struck at him viciously.

"The foul fiend take you, milk-livered rascal that you are, what is the matter with your face?"

"He is at the door."

"Who?"

"The man we are talking of; Dubois."

Captain D'Argent's face was nearly as pale now as that of his companion. Both at the same moment had a like thought, and that was that they would kill this man before he left the house.

"Ha!" said D'Argent. "Have you got your sword?"

"Yes."

"Put it behind the screen yonder. Where is mine? I will put it under the bed-clothes, in reach of my hand. I see we are alike determined; this man enters the room alive, but he does not leave it so. Show him in."

Dubois came in, apparently unarmed, and smilingly took a seat near the door. Then he proceeded to do a very strange thing, and one which completely set at naught the calculations

of these would-be assassins. He put his hand inside his coat and drew out a beautiful pair of pistols, whose barrels glistened in the lamplight.

"Worthy friends," he said, "you doubtless mistook my character, and thought you could safely finish me, having me in the house. I was not such a fool as to come here unarmed, or without guarding against treachery. While I was waiting at the door, you two concocted a plan to murder me, and you have your swords ready now. Only, if you dare to lift a finger, either of you, count yourselves dead men. I never missed my aim at this distance in my life. Take care what you do, for you are in danger if you so much as dare to look angrily at me."

"But, my dear Monsieur Dubois," said the man in the bed, cringingly, "you do not understand me. I am sure you would not willingly do me an injustice, but to ascribe such motives as these to me is unfair, uncharitable—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Dubois. "It is as good as a play to hear you. The idea that you know any thing of charity or justice is in itself amusing. Let it pass, however. Gaspard, my dear friend, I see you have gone into the service of this worthy captain. You are a hopeful pair, I confess. Can I not prevail upon you to do me a service? It is not a great one, but rather important to me just now."

"What do you want?" growled Gaspard.

"Only to have you take these little bracelets—I hope they are not inconveniently heavy, captain—and put them upon your master's wrists. One gentleman should not be above receiving so small a present from another, captain." He produced a pair of handcuffs.

"If he dares come near me with those irons I will run him through the body," roared D'Argent.

"Would you?" said Dubois. "That is rather strange too. Would you really do that to my worthy friend, the soldier? That would be a great loss to him, and I should lose the light of his smile forever, and you know how great a loss *that* would be. Proceed, Gaspard; let us see how they fit you, captain."

"Can I help it, master?" shouted Gaspard. "The devil will shoot me if I do not put them on. Hold out your hands, captain."

"That's right ; listen to the amiable Gaspard," said Dubois, in a tone which was highly exasperating. "Let him put the little trinkets on, or I will be forced to do something which goes against my nature much ; I shall, indeed."

Seeing the uselessness of resistance, and that even a pistol-shot would not be heard in the midst of the storm, the captain permitted the handcuffs to be slipped upon his wrists. As they closed with a spring, it was but the work of a moment.

"Watch your chance," said D'Argent to Gaspard, in an inaudible whisper, "and then give it to him. He must give you an opportunity before he goes."

Again he reckoned without his host, for Dubois did not give him this opportunity. The moment the captain was secured he seized Gaspard by the collar, and put the pistol to his head.

"Now, then, base dog," he cried, "you will go into the strongest room in the house and be locked in. I know which room it is, so lead the way at once."

"To the cellar?"

"Not a bit of it. The cellar will not suit me, but the pantry in the next room will. Go out first, and I will see you into your nest."

He flung the door wide open, and marched his captive out into the next room, keeping his eye upon him, and at the same time watching the door of the room they had just left. The pantry door stood open, and he pushed Gaspard in and locked the door.

"So ; you will give me no more trouble to-night, *mon beau* Gaspard. Confound his impudence anyhow ! Now to go back to my friend the captain."

"Are you going to leave me here all night?" roared Gaspard, from within.

"That depends upon circumstances, my friend. I may, and I may not. In the mean time you keep still and let me attend to my affairs."

He turned back and approached the door of the captain's room. An instinct for which he could not account warned him of danger, and he drew his sword before entering, and instead of walking in slowly he dashed in quickly, with his sword covering his head. The clash of two blades showed

him that he was right. D'Argent, lurking behind the door with his sword held in both hands, had aimed a blow at his head, from which his address and skill had saved him. D'Argent dropped his weapon with a bitter curse.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MASK OFF.

"It is useless, Neville D'Argent," said the spy. "I have not come here to be beaten nor to die by your hand. I know what I have to do, and to do it without interruption I have taken this course. Down upon your knees, if you desire to live a moment. Wretch, would you take my life, devoted as it is to a holy cause?"

"What cause?"

"The cause of truth and justice. The cause of an angel, whose heart you wronged and rent, and of the man whom you robbed of the beautiful face God gave him. Come; you understand me. I am here to know what became of Madeline Du Bray's child."

"Curse you, who told you I knew any thing of the brat?"

"No matter. You took passage with your regiment soon after your cruel deed, and the child went with you."

"It is false. Ask any of my companions if there was any child with me when I came to Canada."

"True; you might not have carried it in your arms when you landed on these shores. I hardly think you cared enough for its life for that. But you gave it to a woman to take care of, the wife of a soldier of your company. You told her it was the child of a dead comrade, and you were taking it to its friends in Canada."

"*Diabol!* Did she dare to split upon me? Oh that I had her here!"

"Impossible. She is dead now, but she lived long enough to make clear to me that you, and no other, stole the child of Madeline Du Bray and brought it to Canada. It is useless to deny it; and now I ask you, where is the child?"

"Death! do you suppose I would tell you? Out of my way, curse you. Fire this infernal den! Where are all my people and why am I left alone to endure the ruffianly assault of a madman?"

"Listen to me," said Dubois, in the cold, even tone of a man who had fully made up his mind how to act. "I only wish to be certain that you do not intend to tell me where the child is hidden, and then you are a dead man. Reflect a moment before you give your answer. You see this dagger. Its point is so steeped in venom that the lightest scratch will be death to you, utter death, and come to you in such a way that no man could tell how you died. It is a subtle Indian poison, whose uses no man in Canada except myself can possibly know, and you shall die by it if you give me for an answer that you will not tell me the fate of Madeline's child."

"Who are you, strange man?" murmured the captain. "You can not be her husband, for I marked him so that the mother who bore him would have disowned him."

"You do not know me?" replied Dubois, quietly. "Neither shall you know me until the right time; then I may declare myself. Confine yourself to the matter in hand. Do you refuse to tell me what you have done with the child?"

"Would you murder me?"

"Yes," was the stern reply. "I would do worse than that if you continue to seal your lips against me. I have no time to waste. Once more, do you refuse? This is the last time."

He raised the dagger high above his head, and D'Argent uttered a shriek of terror.

"No, no," he cried, wildly. "I do not refuse to tell you what I know, but it is so little that you will not believe me. I have not seen the child for fifteen years."

"Liar!" shrieked the spy. "You would force me to destroy you utterly, and I will do it if you say those words again."

"You promised to spare my life if I would tell the truth," said the prostrate wretch. "And now you break your word."

"Then tell the truth," replied Dubois, white with a new fear. "Do not dare to tell me you have lost her."

"I will tell you the truth, Monsieur Dubois. I have searched for the child as ardently as you could have done,

because through her I meant to strike at the family of Madeline Du Bray. I did steal her child and have it brought here. Immediately upon my arrival I took it from the woman who had nursed it on the passage, and took it to a creature of my own, who lived in Quebec and who had just lost a child. The woman was jealous of me, and one day, when the child was four years old, she disappeared, taking it with her. From that day to this I have never seen the face of the child, or the woman who stole it."

"Swear by the bones of the dead," cried Dubois, solemnly, raising the dagger.

"I swear."

"By the shade of your father, who has not lived long enough to know how deeply his degenerate son has sunk."

"I swear."

"By every thing holy and true, by your hopes and fears, even by *this* face."

He pointed as he spoke, and the tried man turned, saw who faced him, and uttered a cry of mortal fear: a woman, clad in the habiliments of the grave, stretching out imploring hands toward him. Though the face was ghastly white, it was the face of a woman he had known and loved in his day as well as such a guilty wretch could love. The same face he had seen looking at him from that strange glass in the room at the house of Dubois.

"Swear by this face," screamed Dubois, "if you dare!"

"I swear, even by this," shrieked D'Argent, and fell in a swoon at the feet of the man who held the poisoned blade above him.

Dubois waved his hand, and the figure vanished as it had come, without noise, falling into the darkness upon the stairway. Dubois looked down savagely upon the man at his feet for a moment and seemed tempted to strike him with the dagger, but his better nature restrained him.

"Let him die by my hand at last," he said, "but in fair battle. I could not strike him as he lies."

He strode away to the door of the room in which he had confined Gaspard, and flung it open.

"Come out," he said, savagely. "Attend to your master, who is swooning. I will not touch him, lest I be tempted to

kill him where he lies. Tell him when he wakes that the day for him is over and night is coming on. He will understand who sent the message, and why it was sent."

Lefebvre looked puzzled, but said nothing. Dubois wrapped his cloak about him and passed from the house, looking over his shoulder to see that the villain did not follow him to finish the work he had attempted. But Gaspard was too sorely frightened to think of such a thing, and ran to assist his master, who was lying on his face, which looked death-like under the light of the lamp. Lefebvre brought water and dashed it on his head, and after a little while the color began to come slowly back, he gasped for breath and sat upright, staring at his servant in a wild, fixed way, as if he did not know him.

"Is she gone?" he gasped.

"He, you mean. Yes, the devil is gone forever, I hope."

"She, I said! As I live by bread, I saw *her* standing there!"

"You are excited. There was no one here except that fiend, Dubois, whom may all the devils in hell blast forever. He left a message for you when he ran out."

"What was it?"

"Day is over, and night is coming on."

"It may come to him first," growled the captain, as he rose slowly. "It shall, or my right hand has lost its cunning."

Meanwhile, Dubois hurried on to the house where he had left Mademoiselle Debrennon, and entered without knocking. He found her in the little room in front, kneeling with her face upon the cushion of a chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Look up," cried Dubois. "Do not despair, for I believe that the child will yet be found. God would not punish me by all these weary years of trouble and pain, to break my heart at last. You may stay here, and I will go to your house and bring Moretah to you. Her tender sympathy may soften your sore heart, as mine has not the power to do now."

"Yes, bring her to me," sobbed Mademoiselle Debrennon. "I fear that my heart is breaking under its heavy lead. It is more than I can bear."

Dubois covered his face with his hands and darted out.

running toward Mademoiselle Debrennon's house. As he came near it he was conscious of a terrible tumult within, and dashing open the door, rushed in. He found Moretah struggling in the grasp of two stout soldiers, while two others, with ghastly wounds upon them, lay dead upon the floor, and three more, assisted by Merou, were assailing Kenado and the Mohawk, who were fighting desperately. They had been taken by surprise while Dubois was away. A rap had come at the door. To Kenado's demand, who was there? a voice answered, Dubois. The door was opened, and eight men burst in, headed by Merou.

"Who dares assail Kenado?" cried the chief, seeing their menacing attitude. "I am a Heron."

"You are in league with this vile wretch Dubois. Yield, or expect no mercy."

Tamto, at the first alarm, had drawn a sword which hung behind the door, from its scabbard, and stood ready. "I give you one chance," said Merou. "Give up this girl to me and I will go away at once and let you do what you will."

"What is she to you?" demanded Tamto. "We will not give her up."

"Down with him," cried the captain. "The steel, boys, nothing but the steel."

He had thought that his men would make short work of Tamto, but to his utter surprise the first man went down with a sword-thrust through the lungs, just as Kenado brained another with his hatchet. Then, backing to the wall, these brave men fought against overwhelming odds. Though not as good a swordsman as Dubois, Ronald Danforth was a good fighter, and even men swordsmen found it hard work to break through his guard. Two of the men seized upon Moretah while the other four assailed Kenado and Danforth. The chief, having no weapons except his knife and hatchet, kept his hands close to his body, better than might have been expected, in consideration of the advantage they had over him in length of reach. But, he was wounded in two places and the blood was settling in a little pool at his feet. At this moment, when the two brave men were beginning to despair, Dubois suddenly broke in upon them. At the same moment the door in the rear opened, and Adolph and the mute ran in.

each bearing a sword in his hand. The two men holding Moretah released her, and drew their blades. The party now stood five to six, but the advantage was all upon the side of the party least in number. Merou saw this and lowered his point, falling back a little.

"What means this?" he cried. "Do you resist the authority of the marquis?"

"Did the marquis commission you to abduct Moretah?" shouted Danforth, in a rage. "Come on, you low-minded thief, and I will show you—"

"You have showed me enough," said Merou. "You an Indian? No!"

Danforth saw that he had betrayed himself in his rage, by the use of the sword.

"No matter," he said. "Out of this house, thieves that you are, and leave us to ourselves."

"I will go, since you press me to do so," said the other, quietly, "but I will come again. At last, after great trials, I have you in my power. You are leagued together, every man, to fight against France. I suspected you before, Monsieur Dubois."

"Can you prove that I know any thing of the man disguised as an Indian?" cried Dubois. "He has cheated me too."

Danforth looked at the speaker and understood him. "Do not blame this gentleman for my fault," he said. "I alone am to blame, and will suffer the penalty. Catch me if you can, thieves."

He made a sudden spring and the window gave way before him, and he lighted upon his feet in the narrow street. It was not yet light enough to see distinctly, and as soon as his feet struck the ground he darted away at full speed, in the direction of the Upper Town. Before Merou and his companions had fully recovered from their surprise he was out of sight and had passed two or three of the guards, having the word.

"After him, three of you," cried Merou. "Take him, dead or alive."

The men darted out and Merou remained, leaning upon his sword, red with the blood of Kenado, and looking about him.

"It seems to me you have a goodly array of men-at-arms ready at your call, Monsieur Dubois," he said.

"You speak truly, brother. Now tell me what this means, and how you dare to enter the house of a lady with arms in your hands, seeking to steal away this beautiful girl?"

"I answer no man's questions," replied Merou, fiercely. "Understand me, Dubois. I know what you are, but I can not yet prove it. Under these circumstances, do not ask too many questions for I am not in the mood to receive them. You are the man who dragged me and stole the papers intrusted to my care."

"Nay, I stole no papers."

"You stole their substance, however. You know why I dare not proceed against you openly for this deed. It would recoil upon my own head, as I had the papers yet in my hands."

"You are an acute reasoner, monsieur. Enough has been said. Leave this house, in which you have no right, and let me attend to the wounds of the chief."

"I will go, monsieur, and will send a guard to take away the dead. But, I intend that you shall hear from me again, and that shortly. Moretah, you have escaped me this time, but the next time I shall win, for I never fail twice."

He hurried out, followed by his men, while Dubois looked at the hurts Kenabo had received. They were quite serious—one in the shoulder and another in the hip, and Dubois dressed them with the hand of a master, after stopping the effusion of blood.

"The city will not be safe to you after this, chief," said Dubois. "Merou suspects you, and when he begins to suspect he will not rest until he has discovered the truth. So I think you had better leave at once and go to your haunt near Mont-Tremblé. It will be some weeks before Wolfe makes another movement, and when he does you can be on hand."

"And Moretah?"

"She will stay with Mademoiselle Debrennon, of course, and will be safer here than even in your haunt. I will take her now to the house where mademoiselle is staying and she will be glad to have her. Merou does not know where it is."

Kenabo walked slowly to the place where Moretah stood, and taking her hand in his looked at her for a moment. He did not speak, but his eyes spoke volumes. Then he raised

her hand and pressed it against his breast, dropped it, and sweeping a lofty gesture about the room, wrapped his blanket about him and left the house, and made his way to the river. In half an hour his canoe was far up the stream, hugging the southern shore.

CHAPTER XII.

LIGHT AND LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

For some days all was quiet in the city, and Merou was occupied in finding the whereabouts of the disguised man, whose identity he never dreamed of. But, he had disappeared utterly, and the captain began to think he had escaped from the city, and joined the English forces. Fully satisfied upon this point at length, he endeavored to find out where Moretah was concealed, but with ill success. He soon ascertained that he had companions in his search—D'Argent and Gaspard Lefebre. Merou, for his own reasons, went to D'Argent's quarters, and the two established something of their former relations, with the difference that each suspected the other. But, they were joined in a common cause, the work of finding the hiding-place of the Indian girl. They could only hope to discover her by means of Dubois and his adherents, but neither of the captains had seen him since the night when he rescued Moretah for the second time. Knowing that he stood in constant danger, he had kept close for many days, never leaving the house except in darkness.

An accident helped the villains to what they might have searched for unsuccessfully. D'Argent had gone out, upon an alarm that the British were moving, but he left Gaspard at home. Sitting at a side window, the shutters of which were partly open, he saw a shutter pushed aside in a house which stood next to them, and the beautiful face of Moretah peeped out. The discovery was so strange and unexpected that he could not repress a cry of surprise and delight. Whether Moretah heard him or not, the shutter was drawn back and he

saw her no more. When D'Argent came back he was told what the man had seen, and at once resolved to work without the aid of Merou, and get possession of her that night.

It was very dark and stormy. All the evening he sat at the window, hoping to make out who was giving Moretah a hiding-place, but no one was seen. There was a light in front, but the shutters were closed. Determined not to be balked, he stole out of the house, and getting over the low wall which separated the two buildings, approached the window with noiseless steps. Though the shutters were closed, one of them was cracked, and applying his eye to the opening, he looked into the room. Two persons were there, Moretah and Mademoiselle Debrennon, who still wore her mask. They were seated close together, the arm of the beautiful Indian maiden twined about the neck of her fair sister. D'Argent could hear every word they said.

"Dabo is is very brave," said Moretah.

"He is more than that—he is heroic," replied Mademoiselle Debrennon. "I have proved him, and I know his worth. Do you know he has sought this child who was stolen by the wretch D'Argent for fifteen weary years, and yet he is no more tired of the search than when it first began. Only one thing saved D'Argent from his revenge, and that was this: we hoped that he knew where the child was hidden, and could tell us. I begin to think he told the truth, and really does not know where she is to be found. In that case, vengeance can not sleep long. He is a doomed man, having lost his safeguard."

D'Argent ground his teeth savagely together as she said this, and hid his hand upon a pistol. At this moment Moretah moved her arm and stripped the sleeve to the elbow, baring a member as white as Mademoiselle Debrennon's. It was not his upon which his eyes rested, but upon a blue cross upon it near the elbow, with the letter E near the center. With all his manhood, it was as much as he could do to prevent a cry from escaping him.

"I will have her now," he muttered. "At any and every risk she must be mine, and this shall be my safeguard from the vengeance of Dabo. God of heaven, I believe in a deity now! Nothing in chance could shape events like this."

He stole back to the house and called Gaspard Lefebvre

The two covered their faces with crape masks and walked stealthily up to the house. They did not attempt the front door, but, moving to the back, tried the one in the rear. To their delight it yielded readily, and taking off their shoes they stole silently through the passage, and throwing open the door of the room, appeared armed in the presence of the two women. Both started up with a terrified scream, and Mademoiselle Debrennon, putting Moretah behind her, snatched a brace of pistols from a bracket near, and pointed them at the head of D'Argent.

"Assassin, thief, murderer! I know you in spite of your mask. Away, black hearted villain, or I will do a deed which shall make this city shake."

"Peace, madwoman," replied the villain. "You neither know me nor my errand. I seek to harm no one here, but that girl behind you I must and will have."

"Not while I have life," she answered.

"Your blood upon your head if you attempt to stop me," he answered, fiercely. "My deeds upon my own head, no matter what they are. Stand aside, for I will have her."

"Then, God forgive me if I do wrong, and have mercy on your soul," she cried, and pulled the trigger of the right-hand pistol. It snapped, and before she had time to raise the other, he had pinioned her wrists in a strong grasp. Moretah struck him in the face with her clenched hand, and he only laughed but did not loose his hold.

"Release me, *infame!*" shrieked Mademoiselle Debrennon as Gaspard Lefebvre dragged the Indian girl away. "Do not touch her, villain! She is as far above you, in her innocence and grace, as heaven is above the earth."

"I can not allow you to so defame my worthy servant," said the captain, laughing. "Now, having satisfied myself upon one point, I will do so upon another; I will know *why* you cover your face from the gaze of men in this manner. Do not struggle; you merely waste your time, for I *will* know."

Still she fought hard, desperately, and while he had to hold both hands, he could not get one of his own free long enough to tear off her mask. He was trying to imprison both her little hands in one of his, and had nearly succeeded, when she made a new struggle and broke away from him entirely. He

followed her closely, fearing that she meant to use the other pistol, when he cried out to her to pause.

"You are determined to see my face then?"

"Undoubtedly, mademoiselle."

"Then see it, wretch, and would my eyes had power to smite you dead," she said.

Neither Moretch nor Gaspard could see her face as she raised her mask with one hand and turned toward D'Argent. They saw his face blanch to a deathly whiteness, and he caught at a chair for support, glaring at her with eyes full of horror.

"Again?" he cried. "Away, and let the earth hide you from my sight. You dare not say I have not repented of the wrong I did!"

She did not speak, but, while he receded, step by step, she followed him, while Gaspard looked on in wonder. At this moment the door was flung open, and Dubois appeared upon the threshold. His face was terrible, and his eyes showed a lurid glare which even D'Argent had never seen in them before.

"You here?" he cried. "Good; then to-night your soul shall be required of you."

D'Argent caught the gleam of that fiery eye, and knew that if he remained he was doomed. Such a life as he had led makes a man quick in action, and he knew that he was a dead man if he then crossed blades with Dubois. Making a spring backward, he suddenly closed the door in their faces, cutting off even his companion, who had released Moretch, and stood staring at the new-comer in utter dismay. Dubois rushed after the escaping man, but fear had lent the villain wings, and the darkness covered him from sight. Lefebvre took the opportunity afforded by the escape of D'Argent to make his exit also, and Dubois came back with the angry light still in his eyes, and closed the doors after him.

"He escaped me," he said. "No matter. The web is closing in upon us fast. How did he find you out?"

"I think he saw Moretch at the window this afternoon. She rashly opened the one looking toward the house, not knowing who lived there, and doubtless he was on the watch," said the fortune-teller. "It is very unfortunate, and might

have turned out badly if you had not come in time. Where is Danforth?"

"He is gone," replied Dubois, "and I must be away, too, for to-night I reveal to Wolfe the one plan by which he can overthrow Quebec. God grant he may succeed."

"He must!" she cried. "Oh, that the day may come quickly!"

"It must be to-morrow, or Wolfe fails to come up to the high standard expected of him," said the spy. "You must not remain here, but go to my house in the Upper Town. Adolph is following me and will be here in a few moments. In that house you will be safe until the city falls, but do not trust yourselves at any of the doors and windows, since both Merou and D'Argent are in pursuit of you. There is Adolph; do not lose a moment, but go at once."

They closed and locked the door, and Dubois parted from them with a silent pressure of the hand for each, and some whispered words to Mademoiselle Debrennon. They hurried at once to the house of Dubois, but did not see that a figure dogged them in the darkness and saw them enter the house. It was Gaspard Lefebvre.

"We will have them now," he muttered. "They are caught like rats in a trap."

"You are right," said a voice in his ear. "We shall certainly catch them this time, *mon beau* Gaspard." The man turned in surprise and saw that it was Merou. "You and my worthy friend, D'Argent, have nearly forgotten that we work together in this matter. Be careful; you can not get on without me, and you were beaten to-night. Let us see what *we* can do."

The heroic and sanguinary battle of Abraham Hights was ended, and the English were masters of Quebec. Dubois had led on the troops of Wolfe, and by his guidance alone were those grand battlements scaled. By his side was the brave Kenado, and Danforth, like a lion unleashed, was ever in the van.

The day was won, and the weary troops lay on their arms for rest. Kenado approached Dubois.

"Red men can do what they like in Quebec for a few suns.

It is better for us to go to those who are waiting for us, and save them if we can," he said.

"I am with you," said Dubois. "Wait until I can find Danforth, and see if by any means we can enter the city."

Danforth was found, and the three set out at once, going by the river. As they neared the water's edge a groan startled them, and, looking down, they saw a man lying wounded at their feet, who cried to them in French:

"Have pity on me, friends. I am dying for water."

"I know that voice," said Dubois. "It is Gaspard Lefebvre."

"Yes, yes," gasped the wounded man. "You hate me, Dubois, but give me some water, and I will tell you something for your good."

Danforth put a canteen to the lips of the wounded man, who revived immediately.

"They know where the Indian girl and the masked lady are hidden, and to-night they mean to have them, if they tear the house down. Make haste, if you would save them. The word to-night is 'Quebec.'"

Knowing every point as they did, it was easy for them to enter the Lower Town, and, gliding in the silent night through the city, which in the confusion was little guarded, they reached the gate which led into the Upper Town. Dubois gave the word, and the guards made no difficulty in allowing them to pass through. Their quick steps brought them soon to the house of Dubois, and the strong man staggered back as if he had received a mortal blow when he saw that the door was beaten in and that all about the house was silent. Danforth dashed ahead and saw that the rooms were in confusion, and there, in the wall of the room, was a broken place large enough to admit the passage of a man's body.

"Give me a light here!" cried Danforth. "The villains could not find a passage, and have broken down the wall."

Dubois recovered sufficiently to find a lamp, and they passed into the opening. By the light of the lamp they saw a pair of steps leading downward, and that the wall of the house was double throughout, and that steps led up and down in every direction. It was easy to see how Adolph, Dubois, and Mademoiselle Debreannon had been able to terrify Merou and

D'Argent upon their first visit to the house. Danforth entered, closely followed by his companion, and pushing through the narrow passage, came to an underground room under the very street. A man was lying on the floor, bound hand and foot, who cried out in surprise and joy as they entered. It was Adolph.

"Oh, master, master!" he cried. "They have taken them away. I did what I could, but they were too many for me."

"Have they taken Maurice, too?" said Dubois, in a hoarse, strained voice.

"Yes," said Adolph. "I heard D'Argent say he would bind him hand and foot and throw him over the falls at Montmorenci."

"Good! you have given us a clue, slight as it is, and we will go to Montmorenci. Loose Adolph and set him on his feet. How do you feel, old comrade?"

"Stiff and sore yet. But hasten, for they have not been gone an hour."

They went to the stables, and Adolph mounted his horse and Dubois rode with him.

"You had better take to the river, Danforth, and move for the fleet. Trust us to track these villains to their den, and we will meet you at the falls."

D'Argent, when satisfied that the battle had gone against the French, came back and found out Merou, who had come into the city with his wounded chief. Lefebvre had told him that the prize they sought was to be found in the house of Dubois. They had collected a party and broken into the barred room. As before, the inmates disappeared in the numberless secret passages which had so cunningly been constructed within the double walls, but this time the senses of Merou were not to be cheated. He had cut into the wall and found the passage, and in spite of the desperate resistance of the mute and Adolph, they were overpowered and the two ladies taken.

"Quebec is no place for us now," said Merou. "Let us away, and find a hiding-place among the rocks and caves at Montmorenci, where these cursed spies can not find us. When all is quiet we will take to the river and let it bear us

where it will, so that it be away from these cursed Englishmen."

They gagged the two women, placed them on horseback, and rode away. The country was in confusion between Quebec and Montmorenci, and no heed was paid to them. They rode through Beauport and reached the river long before morning, and rested a while upon the bank in sight of the falls.

"Look you, proud woman," said D'Argent, turning to Made moiselle De' rennon, "let us have no secrets longer. Your sudden appearance that night opened my eyes. You are Madeline Du Bray!"

"I am," she said. "Traitor to all things good and pure, I am the woman from whom you stole husband and child fifteen years ago."

"I lent you your husband," he said, mockingly. "If you will remember, I told Monsieur Dubois I had lost sight of the child. It was true then, but since that time I have been lucky. I have found her."

"D'Argent!"

"It is true. By the merest accident I have found your child and know where she is. I would give her up to you upon one condition."

"And what is that? I will consent to any thing for the sake of meeting my child again. Do not hold me in suspense."

"It is a simple thing, and easily done. Give me your written promise to make her my wife, and you shall know where she is to be found. Refuse, and you shall never know where she is."

"Oh, horrible villain! would you rob me of her the second time?"

"Undoubtedly. Ha! Keep this devil away from me, scarce of you."

The man, who was not bound, had been looking at D'Argent with livid eyes while he spoke, and now made a sudden leap, and something bright glittered in the rays of the sun and was buried in the breast of the speaker. It was a long bladed dagger, and all could see that the villain had his death-wound. The man was standing with his back to the falls, and with a last demoniac effort, the wounded man pushed him over. They

saw him strike the water, the swift current bore him downward toward the verge. Even as he made the fatal plunge there was an expression of triumph upon his face, at the work he had so well accomplished. Mademoiselle Debrennon uttered a wild cry of dismay, and D'Argent laughed feebly.

"Your husband has finished me at last," he groaned. "I have done my work on earth, and I may as well make my burden lighter before I die. You ask me where your daughter is, and I tell you that she stands there—Moretah, the daughter of Kenado, the Huron. I knew her by the cross upon her arm, which was made by me when she was only four years old."

Madeline Du Bray turned and held out her arms. Moretah understood her, and threw herself into them with a cry of joy.

"The chief will know how he came by the child," said the dying man. "If I can not have her myself, I can at least prevent my worthy friend Merou from claiming her. Who comes so fast this way?"

The thunder of coming hoofs could be plainly heard, and Dubois, with his horse in a foam, joined the party.

"Who has forestalled me?" he said, looking down at the dying man.

"Poor Maurice," said Madeline, "and he is dead. Poor fellow, he had a weary burden to bear through life. But, Armand, look. Heaven has restored our child to us. This dear girl, to whom our hearts turned so readily, is our lost child, Estella."

"Your child?" hissed D'Argent. "And *his*!"

Moretah turned and ran into the embrace of Armand Du Bray—Dubois no longer. The tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"God has been very good to us, after all, Madeline. Let us thank him for it. You look at me in wonder, Neville D'Argent. Know, that the man you kidnapped into that street in Paris, and so maimed and disfigured that his mind sunk under the tortures you inflicted, was my foster-brother, so like me in feature that you did not know the difference. Your crime has recoiled upon your own head, and you die by *his* hand at last."

A look of baffled malice showed itself upon the face of the dying man. He had risen upon one elbow, and was glaring at the speaker, who, in a few short words, had unraveled the web which years had formed, and showed him that his revenge had fallen upon one who had never done him wrong, and that those he had sought to injure stood, happy, united, upon that rock beside the roaring waterfall. Then the blood gushed from his livid lips, and he fell back dead, just as Danforth and Kenado climbed the rocks and joined them, followed by a party of sailors, and Adolph rode up from below.

"All is over," said Da Bray. "Kenado, it is in your power to aid us now. We know that this girl you have so nobly protected all these years is our child, but we want stronger proof."

"Kenado would have kept her from you and all the world," said the chief, sadly. "She is not an Indian. No drop of our blood flows in her veins. Years ago a white woman, with a child in her arms, came to my lodge. That woman never left the Herons, but lived and died among us. She was my wife, and this is the child she brought with her. Come, and I will show you what she left with me, which was the child's."

He led the way down the rocks to his cabin, and from a hole in the wall took out a little inlaid box and opened it. Mabelle saw these jewels which the child had worn when she was stolen, and knew that this was her child indeed. Meron had followed them, guarded by a sailor. He now advanced and spoke.

"I have done you a great wrong," he said, "and my will is good to do greater. All is over now, with the ending of the man's life who lies dead beside the river. I sincerely beg your pardon for what I have done, and would make atonement if I could. I am a prisoner, and can not harm you now. Tell these sailors to take me away, and give my friend decent burial."

The party embarked in the boat which Danforth had brought, and boarded the flag-ship of Admiral Saunders. Da Bray was kindly received, in consideration of the services he had rendered, unpaid, to the cause of England. A few days after, the city surrendered, and Levi, with the troops left, retreated

to Montreal, soon to fall into the hands of the English. Du Bray had disowned all connection with France, and when the fleet sailed for Boston, he was one of the passengers, with his family. Dunforth was commissioned a major, and sent back with dispatches. Adolph was one of the party, and never left the service of his master, who settled in Boston, and looked after the education of his daughter. Two years' training developed her into a lovely but impulsive girl, and when Major Dunforth came on a visit to them and asked her to be his wife, she did not say no.

Six months after they were married, and it was a great day in Boston. When all was over, an Indian was seen standing by the corner of a street, watching the wedding-party as it came back. It was Kenado, the Huron, who had come on foot from Quebec to witness the happiness of the girl he had cherished so long as a daughter. Seeing her happy with the man she loved, and surrounded by friends, the patient chief would have gone away to his home by the "Tumbling Water," if she had not called to him to come to her. He obeyed slowly, took the hand she extended to him, pressed it to his heart, and was gone.

Merou returned to France, and they never saw him more. He was killed in front of a barricade in Paris, years after, during an *emeute*, having won the rank of colonel for bravery upon many fields. His life was stormy, and ended as it had been passed.

THE END.

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The Lion. For two females and one male.
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The two lecturers. For numerous males.

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The rights of music. For two females.
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